

"U.S. MARSHALS"

by

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EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAY

Springtime. DESCEND towards a tow truck hauling a station wagon down scenic Lake Shore Drive.

INT. TOW TRUCK - DAY

The DRIVER has lean, weathered features. Wears overalls with a name patch, "Mark." The tow truck driver whistles to the radio, listening to CHATTER on his police scanner.

INT. TOYOTA LAND CRUISER - MOVING - DAY

A self-important EXECUTIVE argues with his cel-phone, cigar in hand. Burning ash falls into his lap. The executive grimaces, gropes for the ash. Ahead, a light turns yellow.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The Land Cruiser speeds through the now red light and CRASHES into the tow truck. The station wagon whipcords around and SLAMS into wreckage. Smoke billows. Flames shoot to the sky.

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT - MOVING STREETS - DAY

FOLLOW emergency vehicles heading towards the crash site.

INT. TOW TRUCK CAB - MOMENTS LATER

The tow truck DRIVER trapped by twisted metal, a YOUNG COP by his side. Flames approach.

YOUNG COP

Hang in there. Don't move!

PARAMEDICS and FIREMEN take over. They use the Jaws-Of-Life to try and save the driver. FIREMAN #1 reaches down under the steering column, freeing the driver's legs.

The tow truck driver is lifted from the cab to safety. EMS TECHS rush him to an ambulance.

Still under the steering column, Fireman #1 notices a handgun velcroed under the dashboard. Several ammo clips alongside.

FIREMAN

Check this out.

The Young Cop joins the fireman, eyes the weapon.

INT. POLICE CAR - FOLLOWING AMBULANCE - DAY

The Young Cop examines the contents of Mark's wallet; there's a DMV license and weapons permit. His female PARTNER drives.

YOUNG COP
 (checking computer)
 Mark Roberts. No wants or warrants.
 (lifts radio)
 145. We're 10-19 on the way to
 Chicago Memorial. Order up Mark
 Roberts' original DMV info. Have
 them send his Concealed Weapons
 Permit and Soundex photo too, over.

FEMALE COP
 You're a suspicious son-of-a-bitch.

YOUNG COP
 Strange how he had it velcroed there.

EXT. BUSY STREET CORNER - DAY

A Salvation Army volunteer, in uniform, rings a bell next to a bin for food items. DEPUTY SAMUEL GERARD solicits SHOPPERS for donations, bright eyes scanning the street opposite.

GERARD
 Well, well. Look who made it home to
 see momma.

Gerard targets the CONROY BROTHERS as they exit a Buick that's just pulled over on the other side of the street. The driver, JOE, is a human bull. His brother RAY is just as big and just as violent-looking. Both look around warily as their MOTHER and big-hair GIRLFRIENDS exit with shopping bags and a BABY. They trudge towards an apartment building. Gerard meets the gaze of a worker on a nearby pot hole crew--

BIGGS is a swaggering Midwestern carnivore, built like a brick shit house. Gerard lifts a 50lb ram hidden in the barrel, crosses the street. Biggs falls in next to him. They yank down "US MARSHAL" roll-outs on their raid jackets.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY/VARIOUS - DAY

Feet up, RENFRO reads the "National Enquirer;" a Bantam-rooster of a man. He likes his clothes and his shoes nice. Renfro taps out his cigar as deputies enter, rising. They take the stairs up to the 5th floor hall. Deputies reach a door. Chamber rounds. Biggs gets the ram.

GERARD (TALKIE)

Poole. Newman. We're going in.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Mom's modest abode. Ray, girlfriend #1 and mom put groceries away. The door SPLINTERS. Gerard, Biggs and Renfro charge in like a herd of elephants, shouting "US MARSHALS." "GET DOWN!"

BIGGS

He's got a piece!

Biggs and Renfro wrestle a gun away from Ray, try to put on handcuffs. Ray resists like a stung rhino. Gerard handcuffs terrified mom and girlfriend #1 to each other.

BACK BEDROOM. Joe zooms past his girlfriend with a Cobra 11mm machine pistol in hand and tries the back door. It's locked. Joe kicks the door in, races out to find--

NEWMAN and POOLE crouched behind a dumpster in the service area, handguns poised. Newman's the pony-tailed baby of the family. Poole is female, tough, hangs with the boys.

POOLE

Put the gun down!

Joe lays the gun down, backing into the bedroom. Hands up.

NEWMAN

Stay right there!

JOE

(backing away)

Don't hurt my kid...

NEWMAN

Stop!

JOE

My kid!

Joe darts towards the bassinet where the child is.

Before he can get there Newman SHOOTs him in the thigh. Girlfriend #2 goes hysterical. Poole cuffs her. Gerard arrives. He and Newman peer into the bassinet. Wrapped in a blanket next to the baby is a sawed-off SHOTGUN. Gerard pops shells out of the weapon, picks up the baby carefully. Looks to Newman.

GERARD

Good boy.

LIVING ROOM. Biggs and Renfro slam Ray on the floor. Gerard and Newman rush in. Tackle the guy. Ray throws them off, finds a lamp and is about to swing when Gerard grabs him.

GERARD

Here's the future, Raymond. You went for my gun. You died. Your choice.

Gerard's hard stare gives Ray pause. Biggs locks the cuffs. Ray goes berserk. He bites Biggs' arm. Biggs YELLS. Gerard cold-cocks Ray. Ray drops to the floor like a whale.

GERARD

Gentlemen, we've found another convert.

RENFRO

Halle-lu-jah.

INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

A slight, striking young woman, MARIE, lays out her savings in small bills in front of a hospital CASHIER. She wears a "Joe's Java" t-shirt. The cashier counts bills testily.

CASHIER

You're thirty-eight fifty short.

MARIE

Yes, sorry. Here we go.

Marie pulls the remainder from her wallet. Tip money.

MARK (O.S.)

Marie...

The young cop and his female partner accompany an orderly who wheels out Mark. His right elbow is in a cast and he wears a neck brace. The look on Marie's face when she sees Mark tells us she would have waited there forever.

MARIE

God, Mark. You're okay.

Mark grips her tightly, almost protectively in his strong arms. A DOCTOR enters, checks Mark out carefully.

DOCTOR

The brace is a precaution. See your doctor in two weeks about the cast.

The doctor leaves. Mark signs some paperwork for the cops.

YOUNG COP

That should just about do it, Mr. Roberts.

MARK

Appreciate your helping me out.

An ORDERLY wheels Roberts away, Marie by his side. Someone at a desk flags the young cop, handing him a faxed document.

INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL - HALL BY EXIT - DAY

Marie helps Mark to his feet. They head for the door.

MARK

Shouldn't have paid my bill.

MARIE

Don't be silly. You're coming back to my place, let me spoil you rotten for a few days. God, you're lucky.

MARK

You have no idea.

She blushes. They're about to exit when the police catch up.

YOUNG COP

Mr. Roberts. You're under arrest.

MARIE

What?

INT. PEETE'S BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

A cop haunt. Everyone watches tvs, which show local NEWS. An attractive reporter, Stacia Vela, 20's, gives her story outside the Conroys' apartment.

FOOTAGE of GERARD'S SQUAD hauling Ray Conroy into the Federal Courthouse.

VELA (TV)

Convicted murderers, the Conroys
escaped federal prison last month.
Chicago's own US Marshals warrants
squad arrested the brothers today...

Our deputies give each other shit about how they look on the tube. No brain surgeons here. Gerard's face appears on tv.

GERARD

Guy's got a face like bad garlic.

RENFRO

On a good day.

Deputies toast their boss and yell "speech" as the news report ends. Gerard scowls, lifting a Diet Coke.

GERARD

Nobody got hurt. Other than that,
I'd have to say you people are the
most pitiful warrants squad I've had
the displeasure to work with.

This is Gerard's highest praise. The team eats it up.

GERARD

Cosmo Renfro, you're nothing more
than a two-bit comedian with a gun.
Biggs, well, Biggs, what can I say
about you that you'd understand
anyway? You're so dumb I'm surprised
you learned how to eat. Poole, my
grandmother can run faster than you.
And Newman. You're still not fit to
make my coffee or anyone else's for
that matter. All in all, I'd rather
be working with unwashed baboons--

The deputies howl with pleasure; this is as good as it gets.

GERARD

But, despite yourselves, you've
become almost competent, mainly
'cause you've learned to follow the
Big Dog. For that I raise my glass
to each damn one of you.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

MARK ROBERTS is seated. FEDS enter with grim looks.

CALDWELL

Mr. Roberts, John Caldwell, US
Attorney's Office.

Caldwell sets a CCW weapons permit stamped "Soundex
Original/File," on the desk in front of the tow truck driver.
The photo on the permit shows a bearded, overweight man.

MARK

So I fudged a weapons permit. Any of
you ever tried to tow a car on the
Dan Ryan at three in the morning?
Without a piece?

CALDWELL

What about East 42nd and First Avenue
in New York City? The United Nations
building?

MARK

What about it?

CALDWELL

Ever been there?

MARK

No.

CALDWELL

Never?

MARK

Never.

CALDWELL

Never murdered two people in the
garage after you robbed them?

The tow-truck driver laughs. He looks around at their faces.

MARK

Fellas, you can't be serious...

Caldwell places documents in front of Mark. A State Dept.
warrant. Crime scene photographs. Two bodies. Men.

CALDWELL

The fingerprints we took off you
flagged the warrants. They were a
match to those found at the scene.

MARK

(protesting)

How could they? I didn't do this!

Caldwell takes off his Armani glasses, puts them on the table
and rubs his eyes. He raises his hands for Mark to shut up.

CALDWELL

You're going back to New York for
questioning. At that time, you'll be
provided with an attorney.

MARK

This is not right! I wasn't there!

Mark freaks out, upsetting the table. Deputies step in,
shoving him down to the document strewn floor. They cuff him.

CALDWELL

That's the way it is. You're going.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Marie shoots to her feet as Mark, in chains, is hustled down
the hall towards the exit by US Marshals. She rushes forward.

MARIE

Mark!!! What's happening??? Where
are they taking you???

He and Marie lock eyes, then he's gone.

EXT./INT. CHARLES HOTEL - NIGHT

A fund-raising event inside. "Mayor's Council On Children's
Health." FOLLOW Gerard and STACIA VELA (the tv reporter)
entering. Gerard fumbles with his crooked black tie.

GERARD

Can't we just go get a steak?

VELA

C'mon, Sam. I've been looking
forward to this. I get to meet the
people you're always talking about.

WALSH (O.S.)

Hello, deputy. After the day you've had, I'm surprised you made it.

CATHERINE WALSH joins them, 40's. As US Marshal of the 5th District, Walsh is an ex-prosecutor, tough as nails; has to be to have risen this far in a man's world. And be Gerard's boss. She wears an elegant Calvin Klein dress.

GERARD

Cath, this is Stacia Vela, Channel 4 News. Stacia, this is Marshal Catherine Walsh. My boss.

VELA

Nice to meet you. I've heard lots about you.

Stacia and Walsh size each other up. Gerard's enjoying this.

WALSH

And I watch you on tv. "Lots." You look even... better in person.

VELA

(a little confused)

Thanks.

From the sharp look that passes between Gerard and Walsh, we feel a complex past and a still smoldering attraction.

WALSH

Listen Stacia, would you mind giving us a minute?

VELA

Sure. Sam, I'll check out the buffet.

Gerard and Walsh watch Stacia head away, turn to each other.

GERARD

Don't even say it.

WALSH

Okay, but when you guys are through, will you give my nephew her number?

GERARD

What did I do?

WALSH

Hit your prisoner, Ray Conroy, with his cuffs on. He's suing. Boy do our attorneys love you.

GERARD

Bad man bit my boy.

Walsh circles Gerard, sipping from her champagne glass.

WALSH

Look Sam, I cover you because you're the best. But lately, you've been pushing too hard--

GERARD

Get to the point, sweetness.

WALSH

DC wants us to take full advantage of the Conroy hook, can't resist all that free publicity. You'll take a little vacation, escort them personally back to the federal pen, give a little speech for the press with that happy face of yours--

GERARD

Don't do parades, politics or lunch. But I might consider dinner...

WALSH

Couple bottles of wine, talk about why we never made it work, maybe give it a whirl for old times' sake?

They share a grin, find they're both looking at Stacia at the buffet. She waves cheerfully, loading her plate.

GERARD

Not tonight, of course...

WALSH

No, 'cause you've got plans. 4 a.m. plans. Solo plans.

GERARD

Don't do this to me. Cath!

WALSH
 You'll deadhead along with the
 Conroys. Take your best suit and
 remember-- smile for the cameras.

She walks away, joins her date, a handsome PROSECUTOR.

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - NIGHT

A Bureau of Prisons bus stops, escorted by USMS sedans and police. Mark Roberts is escorted off along with other hardened PRISONERS and carefully searched. Airbranch DEPUTIES take apart his neck brace, check it/Roberts with a metal detector. HOLLANDER, the plane's Supervising Deputy, pulls an X-RAY from Roberts' medical paperwork. He spies a tiny metal pin in place near the elbow. Goes over that area with the detector. These are thorough, cautious men.

Roberts is given a pill and a cup of water. He drinks.

HOLLANDER
 Okay, this one's good to go.

A g-sedan arrives. Gerard gets out with a travel bag, shows his creds and boarding papers to deputies. Gerard hands a deputy his 9mm, then his back up .38 and ammo.

HOLLANDER
 Welcome to the unfriendly skies, Sam.

GERARD
 Stewardesses still as pretty?

HOLLANDER
 Yeah, and the coffee's great too.
 Imported from Attica.
 (to deputies)
 Escort deputy Gerard on board.

INT./EXT. AIRBRANCH 727 - NIGHT

Spartan interior stripped to the bones. Hardened CRIMINALS are seated two to a side. Belly chains. Cuffs. Shackled to the floor. They're boisterous, mouthing-off with each other. Gerard pauses by Joe Conroy in a gurney, thigh bandaged. Brother Ray a few seats away. Gerard gives them a nod, continues on to the front where there's a separate area for the non-confined behind a wire mesh gate. Gerard sits in a half-broken jumpseat next to STERN, a chubby medical officer.

STERN
First time on J-PATS?

GERARD
How I wish it was.

STERN
It is a little grim, but we're
always, always on time.

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - CHICAGO - NIGHT

The Airbranch 727 makes its turn and lumbers down the runway.

INT. CALDWELL BEDROOM - NIGHT

U.S. Attorney Caldwell picks up a book, puts on his glasses. They fall off his face. Irritated, Caldwell sees that the wire end that goes around one ear is MISSING from the frame.

INT. AIRBRANCH 727 - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

FIND Mark Roberts secured like the rest of the prisoners except for his casted elbow. He catches the eye of a prisoner in front. LING; 20's, thin, childlike features. A passing glance. A flash of anxiety on Mark's face.

PRISONER NEXT TO HIM (O.S.)
Keep your eyes to yourself, new meat.

Mark looks at the bulked-up, hardened MONSTER next to him.

EXT. SKY - AIRBRANCH 727 - NIGHT

The plane cruises at 30,000 feet.

INT. AIRBRANCH 727 - NIGHT

Gerard studies the Conroys' case files. Stern does a crossword puzzle with a crayon. Deputies walk the aisles.

STERN
Eight letter word for "fifty points."

HOLLANDER
Scrabble.

Prisoner Ling flags Deputy #5, a pained look on his face.

LING

I gotta use the can.

DEPUTY #5

Hold it in, sweetheart. We'll be on the ground in 20 minutes.

LING

Naw, man. I gotta go right now. I'm 'bout to explode.

Hollander gives Deputy #5 the "okay." Deputies unbuckle Ling's seat-restraint, unlocks his leg chain. The other deputies go on alert as they prep Ling for his walk up the aisle. Mark Roberts watches carefully as Ling is led up the aisle by deputies #5 and #6. Ling passes Mark, stares ahead. Cold. Ling and the deputies reach the rear, a toilet behind a mesh grate. Ling pulls down his pants with cuffed hands. Deputies watch him carefully. Ling sits on the can.

Mark Roberts shifts in his seat. He cranes his neck, getting a look at the rear area. Two deputies wait for Ling. And wait. Mark feels himself sweat. Eyes flash inner turmoil.

PRISONER NEXT TO HIM

You in love with that slant bitch?

TOILET. Ling reaches towards the toilet paper dispenser. With deft fingers, he removes the hollow cylinder at the center of the roll and retrieves a .22 pen gun. He FLUSHES, covering the CLICK of the weapon as he cocks it.

CABIN. With Mark. The prisoner next to him continues his threats. Mark hears a FLUSH. Fingers grope for his cast...

PRISONER NEXT TO HIM

The hell you doing? What is that?

MARK

Have a look.

Cursing, his neighbor leans over. Mark head butts him neatly, like a peck, square in the temple. The monster slumps over. Mark pulls at something imbedded in the plaster cast near the pin in his elbow. A length of gold wire stamped "Armani." The MISSING PIECE from U.S. Attorney Caldwell's glasses. He slides one end into his handcuff notch, concentrating with cool professionalism:

HOLLANDER

"Split on ice." Seven letters.

STERN

Banana... No, bananas.

Gerard goes to a kitchen area, making himself coffee. Ling and deputies come into view in Mark's peripheral vision. Ling flicks his wrist. The pen gun slips down from where its hidden in his sleeve into his palm. Ling point-aims at Mark's head.

Mark lunges forward, free hand striking the gun as Ling FIRES a shot. The bullet WHINES a millimeter past Mark's nose and PUNCHES through the window. A THWUMP as the window BLOWS!

A TORNADO of explosive decompression rips through the cabin. Paperwork and shoes and life jackets strewn about like bats. Hairline CRACKS start to widen around the window.

Gerard finds the coffee and himself sucked through the air back towards the main cabin. In mid-flight, he grabs the wire gate separating the two cabin areas and holds on! It swings violently back and forth, Gerard gripping it for dear life. Prisoner Ling WHOOSHES in mid-air and is vacuumed out the window. Deputy #5 FOLLOWS Ling out, screaming. Oxygen masks drop from above. Prisoners can't catch them.

EXT. AIRBRANCH 727 - NIGHT

The plane heels to one side, shuddering as a hole starts to widen in the fuselage where the window was. Debris from the widening hole in the fuselage FLIES BACK off the skin of the plane and into the right and middle engines. A horrendous GRINDING as debris enters the engines' turbines.

INT. AIRBRANCH 727 - NIGHT

THE COCKPIT. The PILOT and FIRST OFFICER fight to keep the plane in the air. An altitude alarm KLAXON bleats.

PILOT (RADIO)

Mayday, Mayday. This is BOP Flight
889. We're going down!

INT. AIRBRANCH 727 - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Equilibrium returns... But now the plane's going down fast.

PILOT (INTERCOM)
Everybody, hold on! Hold on!

INT. 18-WHEELER - NIGHT

BLUEGRASS soothes the soul of a truck driver, interrupted by a DISTANT BUT APPROACHING ROAR. The driver looks into his side mirror and is somewhat surprised to see a 727 bearing down on him. He slams the brakes.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The 727's rear tires barely miss the truck's roof as the 18-wheeler skids to a stop, jack-knifing.

Oncoming vehicles swerve out of the way as the plane's airbrakes go on full. Tires hit pavement, smoking.

INT./EXT. AIRBRANCH 727 - NIGHT

Terrified occupants hold on as the plane shudders. Relief ripples through the cabin. They're going to make it.

INT. AIRBRANCH 727 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The pilot looks ahead, sees a sign with a left curve arrow. He fights to slow the plane down-- It does--

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

But not fast enough to take the curve in the fog ahead.

INT. AIRBRANCH 727 - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Gerard feels the plane tilt as--

EXT. ROAD/EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

The plane SKIDS off the road. The right wing SLAMS into a string of light poles at 90 mph and is sheared off. The plane shudders and falls sideways down an embankment.

INT. AIRBRANCH 727 - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin rotates. Occupants slam to the right. The remaining wing swings up into the air...

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

The gimp 727 CRASHES to the bottom of the embankment, nose catching on a retaining wall. It TEETERS precariously. Beat.

INT. AIRBRANCH 727 - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Prisoners SCREAM. The plane heels on its side just a little farther... Holding... then with a steel GROAN--

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

The plane flips over, slams belly-up into water. The aft end sinks. The front rests on the lip of the levee which we now see borders a swiftly moving river. It clings there...

INT. SUNKEN AIRBRANCH 727 - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Dante's wet dream. Shocked silence. Then, WATER GUSHES in. Prisoners SCREAM, dangling upside down in their seat-belts and chain restraints. Inverted, Gerard unbuckles himself and drops to the fuselage ceiling. The cabin fills with water.

The plane SHUDDERS and starts to slide off the levee. Deputies #1 and #2 free themselves. Gerard pulls out his maglight. Its ray catches Hollander's inverted face, neck broken. Stern crawls forward where deputies pry open the exit hatch. Trapped prisoners in back freak out. Gerard finds Hollander's keys, motions to battered deputies.

GERARD

C'mon!

Maglight in hand, Gerard leads the charge back into the prisoners' section. Stern and deputies follow him. They open prisoners' seat-belts. Unlock leg-irons. Race against time as the water RUSHES in, filling the cabin fast. Injured prisoners drop to the ceiling. Dragged out by deputies.

Gerard frees up the Conroys as prisoners are unlocked and pulled to safety. Gerard heads for the submerged rear, stops in his tracks, startled to see--

Mark Roberts hanging upside-down like a bat, body bent upwards so that he can work the leg irons with the gold wire. The monster prisoner next to him hangs, dead. Mark unlocks the irons and drops to the ceiling. The ray from Gerard's maglight hits Mark Roberts' face, cuffs dangling from his free hand, Armani glasses wire in hand. Their eyes lock.

GERARD
Going somewhere?

Mark glances to the front of the plane. Bodies jammed.

MARK
Not yet.

Gerard drags him to the submerged rear of the cabin. Gerard gives Mark the maglight, motions to the water, commanding.

GERARD
You can get out of those cuffs, you
can keep the light on their locks!

Mark sizes Gerard up. Someone not to fuck with. Yet.

MARK
Okay!

Gerard dives down. Uses keys to free up prisoners that still move, breathing with a bubbling oxygen mask. Mark points the maglight at prisoners' cuffs, allows the light to pass over a rear escape hatch. Mark dives down.

Underwater, Gerard looks over as Mark joins him with the maglight. They free up UNCONSCIOUS BODIES. Surface with them, handing prisoners over to deputies. The plane shudders. Rear dropping sharply. Water sloshes.

STERN
We're going under! Leave them!

Gerard dives back in. Mark follows him down. They find another struggling body. Gerard breaks the surface with the barely breathing PRISONER. Mark doesn't show. Gerard YELLS at Mark. No sign of him below. Gerard drags the prisoner up the nearly vertical passageway to the front. He's about to head back down to the submerged area when the plane--

Slides off the levee. Gerard tosses the prisoner into the water and leaps out the hatch into the river. He swims, almost sucked down towards his death by the plane's violent backwash. Gerard grabs the prisoner, pulled by current.

He looks back at the plane sinking fast into a watery grave.
The landing wheels sink into blackness...

EXT. RIVERBANK - HELICOPTER POV - DAWN

The aftermath of disaster. Law enforcement vehicles and news vans surround the site. Injured PRISONERS are loaded onto buses under heavy guard. Bodies covered with plastic.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAWN

Sheriff POE barks orders, a backwoods character. He joins Gerard, face cut and bruised from the ordeal.

SHERIFF POE

What a mess. Found the two that fell
from the plane, what was left of 'em.
The Asian, Ling, dropped through a
lady's roof. Scared her so much she
shot him twice.

Poe hands Gerard faxed photos. Gerard puts the photo of the
DEPUTY'S BODY (jettisoned from plane) into his pocket, puts
the photo of Ling's BODY on a packet marked "LING."

SHERIFF POE

That Ling fella must have gone
berserk, to fire a shot on a plane.
How'd he manage to get a gun? And
with his hands cuffed?

GERARD

If I had eyes in the back of my head
I could answer that one for you.

Gerard stares at the remaining folder on the grass. Mark
Roberts' face on the ID. No corpse. Gerard checks a soggy
USMS seating chart, finds where Roberts was sitting.

SHERIFF POE

That's where the shot was fired, huh?

GERARD

That's right...

Thoughtful, Gerard looks down-river. A DIVER surfaces.

DIVER

The rear hatch. It's open.

Gerard nods, going into hunt mode.

GERARD

Get your men together, sheriff.

Up on the highway, Gerard holds up Roberts' ID PHOTO so that gathered law enforcement and the media can see.

GERARD

Gerard, US Marshals. We may have one Mark Roberts in the field. Wanted for a double robbery/homicide--

REPORTERS

What about the plane? Was there a shot fired? Who's responsible?

A barrage of questions follow. Gerard lifts his hands.

GERARD

We got truckloads of officials comin' to talk about the plane. Right now I've got a man on the run.

REPORTER #1

Is it true this same prisoner was with you? Before he escaped?

Gerard faces the scrutiny of a half-dozen news cameras.

GERARD

That's right.

This sets off more QUESTIONS from the Press. Shouting out--

GERARD

I want every hotel and hospital, back road and brothel searched for Mr. Roberts. All hounds with three legs or more should be out sniffin'. Camera folks, help us out. Get his his face onscreen until the folks around here start seein' him in their dreams. Consider Roberts dangerous and smart and thank you all.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

TROOPERS and with hounds move through the woods in a long line. The dogs go NUTS, tearing at a prison-issue shoe.

TROOPER
This way!

EXT. LEON'S BBQ - DAY

Officials and law enforcement commandeer a shabby restaurant by the road. "Leon's World Famous BBQ." A van pulls up. Deputies arrive. They stare at the accident site in the bg somberly as they disembark. Gerard joins deputies. He's wearing some cop's sweats, looks like he's been through hell.

NEWMAN
You alright, boss?

GERARD
No, 'cause for once I'm truly glad to see you all. Who's got my clothes?

Renfro hands Gerard a clothing bag, a new suit in plastic. It's double-breasted, Euro-trash cut. Gerard grimaces.

RENFRO
Couldn't get into your apartment.
Brought this on the way. Nice, huh?

Gerard drops the suit in the trash, pulls Renfro's camel-hair jacket off his back, irritated.

GERARD
Newman, go into town and get me something I can wear. 42 Long.

Gerard lays a map on the roof of a sedan, areas marked.

GERARD
Troopers picked up his shoe near Pikesville an hour ago but we got nothing since. What have you got?

BIGGS
Did a complete background. Walsh got the whole office working it.

BIGGS
Turns out all his ID's were forged. Primo. Mark Roberts is an alias.

POOLE
This guy ain't no ordinary schmoo.

RENFRO

Couldn't be to get that close to the
Big Dog and then bolt, huh, Sam?

EXT. RAVINE - DAY

BAYING hounds. A ravine lines the edge of thick woods. A phone line snakes across between telephone poles. Roberts, hereafter known as THE FUGITIVE, breaks out of the woods, sees the ravine blocking his escape. His shoeless foot wrapped with a strip from his shirt, bloody. The Fugitive goes to the ravine edge, zips down his pants and urges himself to urinate over the edge. He can't.

FUGITIVE

Where are you when I need you???

Finally, he pees. Shakes off, backs away from the edge, racing to the telephone pole. He climbs fast. The Fugitive leaps, grabs the phone line with his good hand, hooks his casted elbow up. He starts to crab across, in agony.

EXT. LEON'S - DAY

A sleek HELICOPTER lands nearby. Men in suits exit. Renfro sees them head their way, notices the sign on the shack above. "Best BBQ Pig For Miles." The men approach.

RENFRO

Must be some pig.

LAMB

Which one of you is Sam Gerard?

LAMB is 40's, elegant features, pale, eagle eyes and a \$3000 Hugo Boss suit. BARROWS is a shorter, softer presence.

GERARD

I'm Gerard. Who the hell are you?

Lamb flashes impressive Diplomatic Security credentials.

RENFRO

Let's take this inside, deputy.

INT. LEON'S - WALK IN REFRIGERATOR - DAY

Deputies and suits shuffle in. Privacy.

LAMB

Bertram Lamb, Head of Station,
Diplomatic Security, State Department
Inspector General's office in New
York. This is Agent Barrows.

GERARD

Too busy for pow-wows and peace-
pipes. Why are you here?

BARROWS

Mark Roberts. Justice Department
sanitized his warrants. National
Security. The men he killed a year
ago at the UN weren't civilians.

LAMB

They were mine.

They show deputies classified photos from the crime scene,
welts on a man's neck, another with a gunshot wound.

LAMB

For years, we've had a Chinese source
at the UN, passing us information.
Your fugitive hit the exchange six
months ago, killed my agents.

GERARD

Roberts work for the Chinese?

LAMB

We don't know. All we got on him are
those fingerprints.

Gerard looks at fingerprints taken from a victim's neck.

GERARD

That mean the FBI's taking over?

LAMB

What do we need the FBI for? We have
you. Run the pursuit your way. Just
make sure we're in the loop--

GERARD

No time to do that.

GERARD

That's why one of our team is going
to join you.

GERARD

You are not sending me some diplomat
with a gun.

LAMB

Mr. Roach will keep me informed of
your progress--

GERARD

No baby-sitters, no insects.

LAMB

Want the case? Take our man.

ROACH enters. He's mid 20's, boyish good looks; swimmer's
build, pressed Brooks Brothers suit, Ray Bans.

LAMB

Deputy Gerard. John Roach. Agent
Roach is a rising star in our Asian
counter-intelligence division, the
best we've got or he wouldn't be here.

Roach holds a grin as Gerard and the deputies scrutinize him.
He carries a laptop, a garment bag, reading material.

GERARD

No offense, Mr. John Roach. But when
my boys and I have work to do we
don't like anybody gettin' in the way.

Lamb hands Gerard a letter from the Attorney General.

LAMB

No offense taken, Gerard, because you
don't have a choice.

EXT. RAVINE - DAY

The hounds reach the edge. They SMELL the urine below and go
insane, pulling their handlers down the steep, rocky slope

EXT. LEON'S - DAY

The helicopter ascends. Gerard strides back to Leon's. He
passes Roach. Roach is poised, confident, smart.

ROACH

If it's any consolation, I wouldn't
like it either if--

GERARD
It's not. Off the shades.

ROACH
Why?

GERARD
I asked you to.

Roach complies with a shrug. He's got great, deep eyes.

GERARD
How'd you pull this duty?

ROACH
Your escapee murdered two of my friends. I volunteered.

GERARD
Ever made a fugitive arrest?

ROACH
Not yet.

GERARD
Carrying?

ROACH
I didn't fly in from New York to play patty-cake, deputy.

GERARD
Let's see your piece.

Roach pulls a bulky .45 automatic from a shoulder holster. From inside Leon's, the warrants squad watches...

GERARD
What's a hotshot like you need such a big gun for, Roach?

ROACH
I used to work Naval Intelligence. The .45 was standard issue. Got used to it. Is there a problem?

Gerard hands Roach his gun back, pulls out his smaller 9mm.

GERARD

Soon as you can, get rid of that cannon and get a lightweight 9mm like the rest of us. Let's see your backup piece.

ROACH

Don't have one. Don't need one.

Gerard lifts his jacket, a .38 in the small of his back.

GERARD

Nobody's so good they don't need backup. Add that to your shopping list.

(returns weapon)

Keep that kissing leather in your suit unless I give the word 'cause we don't do cowboy stuff.

ROACH

Not what I heard.

GERARD

Newman, show Roach how to make coffee. Let's move on our "John Doe," people. Big Dog needs a bone.

As the squad hurries into action, Newman takes Roach aside.

NEWMAN

If I were you, I'd do exactly what he tells you. And by the way, I take mine with two creams, no sugar.

INT. TRACTOR-TRAILER - CAB - OUTSIDE REST STOP - DAY

Martha and Earl's home on the road. The driver, EARL, heads back towards the truck from a Sani-John and climbs inside.

EARL

Martha?

Earl peers back into their rear cab, a 6x8 cabin equipped with kitchenette, tv, bunk, and our fugitive gripping birdish MARTHA, a Ginsu held against her throat. The Fugitive's face swollen with mosquito bites. His cast a soggy, bloody mess.

FUGITIVE

I know, my complexion's a little off today. Drive, she'll be fine.

EXT. ROAD - CRASH SITE - DAY

Deputies work as a crane lays the fuselage onto the road.

POOLE (COVERING PHONE)

The guy that fired the shot, Sam. He
was doing life for murder, Chinese
mob hit.

Renfro heads towards them, holding a prison issue jumpsuit.
The area near the leg bottoms have splotches of blood on them.

RENFRO

Found in a dumpster outside a
laundromat.

GERARD

Our boy got himself a change. Where?

RENFRO

Cobbs Creek. North of here.

Newman plants a red pin on a town UPSTREAM near where the
shoe was discovered. Gerard stares at the map. A twisty
confluence of roads heading away from a mountain area. A
metropolitan area to the west.

GERARD

Move the perimeter here, set up
roadblocks on these bridges and roads
to the east of us--

ROACH

Nowhere to go to the east. And
statistically there's a greater
chance he'll go towards the city.

Renfro relays Gerard's command. Gerard goes to Roach.

GERARD

This mutt's not gonna do the
predictable so save the "statistics,"
take notes, have your first shave;
just stay out of our damn way.

INT. TRACTOR-TRAILER - CAB - MORNING

Earl drives. Glances in a mirror. Sees his wife next to The
Fugitive, who pulls on a pair of Earl's shoes. He fixes his
soggy cast, re-wrapping it with panty-hose and masking tape.

Earl opens the glove compartment. Reaches for a handgun. A fast hand grabs his wrist, twisting viciously. The tractor-trailer swerves. The Fugitive retrieves the gun, enraged.

FUGITIVE

Try me again, and you're both road
kill. Is that clear???

EXT. ROAD - CRASH SITE - DAY

Gerard meanders through fuselage, holding the seating chart. He bends down by the cabin floor near where The Fugitive was seated, sniffs at something. He calls over to Roach.

ROACH

It's a pen.

GERARD

Pens don't smell like cordite.

Roach uses pliers from his precision tool kit to pull the disfigured item out of the floor. Everybody gathers around.

GERARD

Lookee what I found.

Gerard cocks the pen gun open. An empty shell casing inside.

NEWMAN

There goes the berserk prisoner
theory.

POOLE

Somebody planted that?

GERARD

'Cause somebody wanted John Doe dead.

RENFRO

Never seen a piece like that before.
Zany James Bond shit.

GERARD

Finished talking zany?

RENFRO

Yeah, boss.

GERARD

Then get that firearm to the lab.

MINUTES LATER. Roach is off to the side. He dictates into the phone, reads from notes. Gerard hears, goes to Roach.

ROACH (ON PHONE)

.22 caliber Stinger. He found it
with his nose--

Gerard grabs the phone and chucks it into the river.

GERARD

You have any information that
involves my fugitive, you tell me
first not your mommas in New York.
Is that clear?

ROACH

I paid for that phone.

GERARD

What's the skinny on our weapon?

ROACH

So now you want my help?

GERARD

(grabs Roach)

When dogs eat they don't like some
nabob around who wants to play games.
So wipe that grin off your face and
help us, or go back to shufflin'
paper and makin' treaties.

Roach grins, backs off. He thinks Gerard's amusing.

ROACH

Stinger .22. Made in Taiwan.
Standard intelligence service issue.

GERARD

How do you know that?

ROACH

My training.

GERARD

Were you "trained" to get out of
standard handcuffs?

ROACH

Like our fugitive did on the plane?

GERARD
I'm askin' you.

ROACH
Most couldn't do it.

GERARD
Could you?

ROACH
If I wanted to--

Before Roach can finish his sentence, Gerard's cuffed Roach behind his back roughly. Roach smiles, cool.

ROACH
I get it. It's "fuck with the new
guy time."

BIGGS
He's perceptive, boss.

RENFRO
And a book reader.

Roach gathers up the single-minded concentration that we saw in Roberts on the plane. He backs up against a table, fingers grope a paper clip. Roach manipulates the wire, fiddles with the cuffs and throws them hard right back at Gerard. Deputies are impressed but would never, ever show it.

ROACH
What's next, folks? Cow tippin'?

INT./EXT. TRACTOR TRAILER - DAY

The tractor-trailer rumbles onto a dilapidated bridge. A police car moves forward, blocking the far end. Earl slows to a stop as a State Trooper with a "Wanted" flyer gets out.

FUGITIVE (O.S.)
Don't have a heart attack, Earl.
Play it nice and easy.

Martha finds herself looking at the discarded cast on the floor, spotted with blood. The Trooper sidles up to the cab, holding up The Fugitive's photo.

STATE TROOPER #1
We got a fugitive on the loose from
that plane wreck.

EARL

Haven't seen anybody like that.

MARTHA

Me neither. Find him, ya hear?

Martha's eyes flicker to her forearm, streaked with blood. The cop gets it, holds his reaction inside. He heads back to his car, talking into his radio fast. The car doesn't move. The Fugitive grabs Martha's arm. He sees the blood.

FUGITIVE

Drive!

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The tractor-trailer LURCHES forward. The rig PLOWS into the Trooper's sedan, SMUSHING it against a railing.

INT. TRACTOR-TRAILER - CAB - DAY

The Fugitive stares at the map, livid. The road they're on ends at a crossroads. A town at both ends of the "t." They hear SIRENS approaching from up ahead. The Fugitive CURSES.

EARL

This is the only road!

The Fugitive's eyes come to rest on the map's swamp symbols.

EXT. LEON'S - DAY

Renfro pipes up, points to Doolittle on a map. To the east.

RENFRO

An 18 wheeler just rammed a road-block! They found it two minutes ago outside Doolittle. East of here.

A look passes between Roach and Gerard. Gerard was right.

GERARD

Get the cars ready.

RENFRO

We're gonna need boats. Witnesses said he went right into the swamp.

RENFRO

Knew I shouldn'ta worn my loafers.

EXT. EDGE OF SWAMPLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

Roach kills a mosquito on his forearm, leaving a blood smear. A caravan of law enforcement surrounds the tractor trailer. Martha and Earl huddle together, questioned by Renfro, Biggs.

RENFRO

Bad news, Sam. He's got a .38.

Gerard stands on top of the truck's cab, staring out at the broad expanse of brushy swampland. In the muck, there are remnants of The Fugitive's boat trail... Gerard gets down.

Armed TRACKERS with their flat-bottomed motorboats stand by as Gerard pow-wows with law enforcement. Our deputies double-check weapons, pat on repellent miserably.

RENFRO

Don't get paid enough to do this.

NEWMAN

Last place on earth I'd run to. Two hundred square miles of muck.

BIGGS

As hinky as it gets.

GERARD

Biggs, what'd I tell you about that word?

(to locals)

Thought this was dawg country. Where are they?

STATE TROOPER CAPTAIN

Won't take 'em in here.

TRACKER

Want keep them dogs stay alive.

STATE TROOPER CAPTAIN

Cottonmouths'll get 'em if the Mocs don't. Your boy'll be dead before we find 'im.

GERARD

Gentlemen, we're gonna divide up for a grid square search. One deputy with each of you. Now, which of you is the best?

(all raise hands)

Which of you is the ugliest?

A tracker with two teeth keeps his hand raised proudly.

GERARD

You're mine.

Off the map of the swamp divided into search grids--

EXT. SWAMP - SAME

SHOTS of The Fugitive rowing a boat deep into the vast swamp. He hears distant helicopter NOISE and heads off onto a hidden creek. The Fugitive's boat bottoms out in shallows.

The Fugitive climbs out, camouflages the boat, moves on.

EXT. EDGE OF SWAMPLAND - SAME

Deputies coordinate com channels/talkies. A CHOPPER above.

RENFRO

First commandment, Roach. Our squad never does anything alone 'cause there've been screw-ups in the past.

GERARD

You see our fugitive, you call for backup and stay in the boat.

NEWMAN

We catch bandits on our terms and go home at the end of the day.

ROACH

I get the point.

Deputies pair off with TRACKERS. Deputies have a hard time understanding their guides' instructions. A LOCAL COP helps.

GERARD

What're they saying?

LOCAL COP

Put your feet in those buckets.

Locals motion to pairs of stained, rusty buckets.

RENFRO

What for?

LOCAL COP

They feel responsible for you.

GERARD

Do it.

(to gathered)

We stay out until we find him.

EXT. SWAMP - DUSK

A helicopter entering a blood sunset. Tracker boats and the helicopter head into the swamp, alive with insect noise and swirling brown bats. Night descends...

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

Trackers scan waters with powerful spotlights mounted in front of their shallow boats. Deputies eye twisted trees above, guns drawn, poised. A light fog rests on the muck...

ROACH'S BOAT. His guide's feet in a galvanized bucket, his aren't. Roach scans uses the spotlight when without warning--

Something twisty drops from a tree overhead and THWUMPS on the boat deck. Roach recoils as a water moccasin lunges for his legs. Lightening fast, he grabs the snake's head, twists its neck sharply. The guide's unimpressed.

ROACH'S GUIDE

Now you know what them buckets're for.

Roach tosses the snake overboard. He takes the two buckets and puts his feet inside. Regains his heartbeat.

EXT. SWAMP - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT

The boats move into the heart of the swamp. Deputies work spotlights, guns poised. HOURS pass. Gerard pushes them deeper. The moon comes out, huge and yellow.

EXT. SWAMP - ROACH'S BOAT - NIGHT

The guide maneuvers them around a small cypress-studded island, using the spotlight. Roach stands next to him, scanning the swamp with THERMAL NIGHT VISION BINOCULARS.

He picks up a bright white image onscreen, motions to his guide. The guide takes the boat down a small creek.

Roach sees through the binocs HEAT REGISTERING. Two BLURS which quickly become the ends of a pair of oars where The Fugitive's hands were several hours ago, heat lingering...

ROACH

The light! There!

The guide shines the spotlight on a camouflaged boat. Excited, Roach scans the area as the guide moves the boat along a small island's shore--

Roach sees various animal signatures on his binocs, then pauses, vision resting on a larger signature up in a tree--

The fugitive, crouched in a tree, sees Roach watching him and jumps down the trunk like a squirrel.

ROACH (TALKIE)

Got a visual! It's him!

The Fugitive runs into the island's interior.

GERARD (TALKIE)

Copy that. Send up your flare!

The tracker loads the flare gun and points to the sky. The cap fizzles. Roach sees The Fugitive's escaping.

ROACH (TALKIE)

Going after him!

GERARD (TALKIE)

Roach!

Roach swings off the side of the boat onto the island's bank. Racing after The Fugitive on foot. Maglight in one hand. .45 in the other. The guide loads a second flare and fires. A red flare arcs across the black sky.

GERARD'S BOAT: Gerard sees the flare. He directs his boat towards it, HEARS then sees the pursuit through the thick primordial underbrush. His boat lurches to stop.

GUIDE

Sandbar!

Gerard LEAPS off the boat, crawls up the island's river bank.

GERARD (TO GUIDE)

Go 'round to the other side!

Gerard plows through reeds and brush, catching sight of Roach scrambling after The Fugitive in the island's interior.

Roach pursues The Fugitive through a grove of trees. He loses sight of him, reaching the island edge. The remnants of a trail leading into green-skinned bog water.

Big .45 drawn by his ear, Roach makes his way into the bog muck. Deeper with each step. A sudden MOVEMENT startles Roach-- A languid CRANE flying away from him.

Distracted for a beat, Roach fails to hear The Fugitive RISE from the bog behind Roach. Coated in mud. The Fugitive places Earl's gun against Roach's temple.

FUGITIVE

Don't... move.

The Fugitive jams his gun into Roach's temple, out of breath.

FUGITIVE

Your piece. Slowly. Atta boy.

The Fugitive takes Roach's .45 in his right hand, Earl's .38 pressed against Roach's neck in his left. He's startled by twin SEARCHLIGHT RAYS. Gerard's boat has found them.

GERARD (O.S.)

Drop the gun.

Gerard leaves the shadows. 9mm in hand. His BOAT CHUGS towards them from the river side, tracker with a shotgun.

The Fugitive shields himself with Roach's body, moving away from the spotlights' shifting glare, never offering a target.

GERARD

We've both had one hell of a day.
Let's end it.

FUGITIVE

You have a gift for understatement.
One more step and he's dead!
(more)

FUGITIVE (cont'd)

Now, drop your guns and get those lights off of me!

ROACH

Don't do it, Gerard.

GERARD

Shut up!

Gerard motions to the tracker who lowers his shotgun. Gerard keeps his Glock. The boat wobbles, sending shafts of light everywhere. The Fugitive backs away.

GERARD

(stepping forward)

Can't bargain with a killer. Why'd you murder those agents in New York?

FUGITIVE

I thought I was doing my job!

GERARD

Now I'm doing mine. Let him go. Look around you. You're not going anywhere.

The ROAR of a helicopter circling overhead. Its SPOTLIGHT knifing down through the trees overhead. The Fugitive's anxiety intensifies. Gerard continues moving forward--

FUGITIVE

That's far enough!!!

The click of the .45's action. 9mm at his side, Gerard stops, hears The Fugitive's reached the end of his rope.

GERARD

Kill him. What will that get you? Nothing. 'Cept give me a free shot at you and believe me, I never miss.

FUGITIVE

You're full of shit, deputy. You're just the dog catcher they're using to get me but I tell you I will not be caught!

GERARD

I don't know what you're talking about and I really don't care.
(more)

GERARD (cont'd)
But you did the right thing back on
the plane. Do it again.

The Fugitive laughs, guttural and deep. His eyes glitter.

GERARD
Can't help you there. All I know is
you're coming after me and you don't
know why. That tells me something,
deputy. Something important!

GERARD
What's that, Mark?

FUGITIVE
(beat)
You'll never catch me.

The Fugitive fires TWO SHOTS at the boat's searchlights. One
light SHATTERS. The tracker reacts, his motion sending the
remaining spotlight's ray directly into Gerard's eyes as he
aims his 9mm. Roach spins, trying to catch The Fugitive off-
guard. The Fugitive knocks Roach down violently with Earl's
.38, sees Gerard straining for a shot.

He fires the .45 THREE TIMES at Gerard, point-blank range.
Gerard's shots go wild. He staggers back. He grabs his
chest. He sinks into mud. Roach recovers, sees The Fugitive
drop Roach's .45 and run. Roach grabs Gerard.

ROACH (TALKIE)
Gerard's been hit!

Roach hands Gerard's body off to the tracker, grabs the
tracker's shotgun and FIRES REPEATEDLY towards The Fugitive.

EXT. SWAMP - NEAR ISLAND - NIGHT

Deputies SHOUT at their guides to head for the sound of the
gunshots. Boats converge on the site of the shooting.

Stray flashlight rays catch snakish eyes an inch from the
water's surface. Gerard's hustled into the nearest boat. The
Fugitive's eyes close. He sinks into the muck.

EXT. RURAL CLINIC - DAY

A HELICOPTER arrives. Marshal Walsh gets out, met by Renfro.

Renfro guides Walsh through a cordon of MEDIA from around the country held back by local cops. They enter the clinic.

INT. CLINIC - DAY

Walsh and our deputies wait as a tv flashes news images of the manhunt. Newman goes to Roach, who cleans his .45.

NEWMAN

He told you not to leave the boat.
You left the boat.

Roach holsters the gun. Looks up at Newman, calm.

ROACH

I felt there was a strong chance he'd
slip away if I didn't.

NEWMAN

Sam could have died!

ROACH

Look, I'm not one of you--

POOLE

If you'd gotten a backup piece like
he told you you coulda capped him!

ROACH

It was a calculated risk--

BIGGS

You didn't listen!

ROACH

--and I took it.

Newman CURSES, grabs Roach. Roach doesn't bat an eye.

GERARD (O.S.)

Hey, Newman.

Newman stops, turns to see Gerard standing in the doorway with Walsh. His rib cage wrapped and bandaged. A doctor holds Gerard's kevlar vest, pitted with two bullet dents.

GERARD

Anything on our man?

Newman releases Roach, forced to change gears.

RENFRO

We got a three state manhunt going.
Interstate highway roadblocks, the
works. It's like he vanished.

DOCTOR

You'll be out of here in a couple of
days.

GERARD

Couple of days. Okay. Thanks doc.
Give me a moment with my boys.

The doctor leaves. Gerard turns to his group.

GERARD

Get the van.

INT. CLINIC - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Walsh walks in. Gerard's pulling his shirt gingerly down
over the bandages. She goes over to help him.

WALSH

Sure you're okay, Sam?

GERARD

I'm fine. Pride's a little hurt.
I'll live.

Walsh drops two disfigured slugs onto Gerard's Kevlar vest.

WALSH

Thought you might want to save these.

Gerard looks at them, then to Walsh. Something's coming.

GERARD

What's wrong? You didn't come all
this way just to see if old Sam was
still barking.

WALSH

What's wrong? Oh nothing, Sam.
Everything's just peachy. 'Cept, of
course, that we have a crashed
Marshal plane, ten dead prisoners and
two deputies, an escaped prisoner who
just happens to be a National
Security risk and--

Walsh tosses newspapers with crash headlines on the bed.

WALSH

The media's having our office for dinner! And you're fine? You're taking this really hard.

(beat)

I'm pulling you off.

GERARD

So I lost him. I'll get him back. This mutt's no different from any other--

WALSH

You believe that, you're in worse trouble than I thought.

GERARD

I've got to get this one, Cath. Especially this one... You know that.

Walsh holds his look, finds herself filled with emotion.

WALSH

Goddamnit! I know better than this!

Gerard forces a grin, meant to reassure.

GERARD

Oh, get me some background on Roach, will you? Just for the record.

She gives him a frustrated look and exits. Gerard's pleased with the way that went. He pockets the slugs.

EXT. CLINIC - DAY

Gerard, Walsh and deputies wade through MEDIA, ignoring their persistent questions, heading for the van in the parking lot.

GERARD

Poole, Biggs. Stay in the field. The rest of us'll go home-- figure out how that gun got on our plane-- who our John Doe really is-- And where he's gonna go next.

EXT. SELF-SERVICE CAR WASH - DAY

An AGGRESSIVE MAN turbo washes his pickup with a camper roof. The Fugitive enters the cinder-block stall, weary, exhausted.

FUGITIVE

Help you dry your car for a buck?

AGGRESSIVE MAN

Get a job.

The Aggressive Man turns away, pulls out a white towel. Without warning, strong hands grab the towel at both ends.

INT. MARIE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

An art student's cheap space. Deeply distraught, Marie lies curled up on her futon, watching NEWS ON her small tv. Mark's photo followed by plane wreck footage. The PHONE RINGS. She grabs it, expectant. Her face falls.

MARIE (PHONE)

No, I want to keep the job. I'm coming in right now.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINE - DAY

Gerard walks down the aisle, swallows aspirin, passing Renfro and Newman's seats. Newman reads The Fugitive's case file.

NEWMAN

Consider yourself pine-boxed.

GERARD

Forget everything I taught you, boy? The day you make this job personal is the day you quit.

NEWMAN

He almost killed you, boss--

GERARD

Our fugitive didn't care if I lived or died. All he wanted to do was make a whole bunch of noise so that everybody'd come to the same place and allow him to get away. That was the only way out of that swamp and he knew it so--

(more)

GERARD (cont'd)
(whispers in his ear)
Get over it.

Roach joins Gerard by the rest room area. Contrite.

ROACH
I made a mistake back there. But you
have to understand, I work alone.
Always have, so you can't expect me
to suddenly be one of your "dogs" and
play follow the leader.
(more silence)
Fine, let's be five years old.

Roach turns to go. Gerard grabs his arm in a steel grip.

GERARD
Lucky he shot me, Roach, because we
would have had a real problem if one
of my people had taken a bullet.

ROACH
Talk about taking things personally...

GERARD
Clever young man like you should know
there are exceptions to any rule.
That would be one of them.

INT. JOE'S JAVA - DAY

Marie mans the expresso machine, distracted, makes drinks for
impatient YUPPIES. Her boss, DONNA, answers a phone.

DONNA
Marie, some guy has a question about
a coffee grinder you sold him.

MARIE
(takes phone)
Hello?

She hears a voice, stunned. Takes the phone into the back.

MARIE
Mark?!?

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - (INTERCUT) - DAY

The Fugitive in a pay-phone booth. Behind him, make out the Aggressive Man's truck. He's overjoyed to hear her voice.

FUGITIVE

Marie--

MARIE

Mark, where are you? Are you okay???

FUGITIVE

Listen to me, Marie--

MARIE

You're all over the television! They say you robbed and murdered two people in New York! Is it true???

FUGITIVE

Marie. It's okay. Please listen to--

MARIE

Is it true???

FUGITIVE

Some of it! It was them or me!

The Fugitive turns his back as a POLICE TROOPER prowls by.

MARIE

I don't understand! Why didn't you ever tell me any of this???

FUGITIVE

I wanted to protect you. I'll explain it all when we're together again-- but you have to know I'm *still* the same man you met and knew in Chicago. Do you believe me???

Silence. The Fugitive tries to gauge her reaction.

FUGITIVE

Marie? You know who I am!

MARIE

(beat, unsure)

When can I see you?

FUGITIVE

Soon. The police will find you.
They'll tell you lies about me.
Don't tell them anything. You hear?

MARIE

I don't know anything! Can't we just
disappear together?

FUGITIVE

Not yet. I need your help first.
Will you help me?
(silence)

Marie?

MARIE

What do you need me to do?

You can see this is the reaction The Fugitive hoped for.

FUGITIVE

Listen carefully. There's an orange
key I hid in your apartment...

EXT. CHICAGO - 219 DEARBORN STREET - USMS HQ - DAY

Media encamped outside the building, waiting for news.

INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - USMS HQ - CHICAGO - DAY

The USMS office mobilizing for a major manhunt. Gerard
motions to Roach, who's taken over an empty desk.

GERARD

Roach, get me everything you can get
from your end. The original homicide
casebook, the detectives that covered
it. There've got to be surveillance
cameras in the UN, vehicle records.
I need everything.

ROACH

There are all kinds of National
Security issues--

GERARD

Are you the message guy or are you
here to help me?

Roach smiles. Likes this treatment better than the ice out.

ROACH

See what I can come up with.

Newman and Deputy Henry enter. Henry's tall and smart.

NEWMAN

There was a woman at the hospital when he was arrested. Paid his bill, in cash. They remember her wearing a coffee house employee's shirt.

GERARD

Good. Track her down. Henry?

HENRY

John Doe's apartment was clean. Been there eight months. Didn't bother to hook up the phone. Neighbors barely remember him.

GERARD

Re-interview them.

(dials cel-phone)

Renfro, what've you got me?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BUREAU OF PRISONS HANGAR - CHICAGO - DAY

Renfro talks with an overworked BOP OFFICIAL. BOP WORKERS are seated behind them, interviewed by Roach.

RENFRO (PHONE)

One guy we haven't talked to that had access to the plane. Peters, with BOP maintenance. Out sick. I left word for him but haven't heard back.

GERARD (PHONE)

Keep it going, Cosmo.

Gerard signs off, stares out windows at The Loop, on think mode. He tosses the .45 slugs up and down in his palm...

GERARD

What's your next move, Mr. Doe?

INT. CIGAR SHOP - CITY - DAY

The Fugitive, disguised, goes to the rear where there's a locked humidor section. A man behind a counter reads the "NY Times." SANCHEZ is 30's, ex-Marine, crispy cool looks.

FUGITIVE

Hear you sell Cubans...

SANCHEZ

Might. Follow me.

INT. CIGAR SHOP - BACK ROOM - DAY

The Fugitive follows Sanchez back into a small room used by a professional forger. Sanchez locks the door.

FUGITIVE

How're the kids, Lieutenant? Must be
2 and 3 by now.

SANCHEZ

What happened to you? Why'd you do
it? Why'd you run?

(silence)

From what I heard, you're a traitor--

FUGITIVE

Believe everything you hear?

SANCHEZ

Then why'd you disappear? You coulda
at least called me, let me know what
happened? That you were alive!

FUGITIVE

You're right. I'm sorry--

SANCHEZ

You must be in some deep kaka to risk
coming back here! Your employers
staked out this place for six months.

(motions documents

all around desk)

My business shit the bed!

FUGITIVE

How much did they offer?

SANCHEZ

Ten grand for anything on you. Fifty
if I bring you in. Word's been out
to the "community" since you turned.

Sanchez sits at his desk. The Fugitive paces.

FUGITIVE

What'd you tell them?

SANCHEZ

Nada. But--

The Fugitive now finds himself looking into the barrel of
Sanchez's sawed off shotgun, lifted from a drawer.

SANCHEZ

So help me, if you don't have an
explanation, I will take you in.

FUGITIVE

Put the gun down--

FUGITIVE

What happened to you???

SANCHEZ

I checked in, after the garage.
Wanted to come in! Somebody from the
office set me up! Tried to kill me!

SANCHEZ

Why?

FUGITIVE

(holding back)

You got a family now--

SANCHEZ

(rising, aiming gun)

That is the biggest piece of junk
story I ever heard.

FUGITIVE

I need your help. Please. A clean
phone, a place, wheels--

SANCHEZ

Forget it. I'm not sticking my neck
out for you with a story like that--

Sanchez pulls a silver key on a string from around his neck, throws it at The Fugitive. The Fugitive catches it.

SANCHEZ

Go.

FUGITIVE

You kept it...

The Fugitive at the door, thanking Sanchez with his eyes.

SANCHEZ

Don't come back.

INT. CIGAR SHOP - HUMIDOR SECTION - DAY

The Fugitive goes to a humidor locker, uses the key to retrieve six boxes of cigars and puts them in his bag. Sanchez watches from the back as The Fugitive exits quickly.

EXT. POWKOWSKIE TOWING - CHICAGO - DAY

Gerard and Roach search the cab of a burned tow truck. The grizzled owner of the place, POWKOWSKI, watches, interviewed by Newman. Wearing gloves and ultra-violet specs, Roach uses sophisticated technical processes to check for prints. He scans prints into his laptop, faxes them in to HQ for ID.

GERARD

What's wrong, Mr. Science?

ROACH

His fingerprints aren't in the cab, on the equipment in back, anywhere.

INT. POWKOWSKIE TOWING - EMPLOYEES LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Powkowski points to one. An impressive LOCK on the door.

POWKOWSKI

That was his.

GERARD

Roach, fetch my bolt cutters.

ROACH

Save myself the trip.

Roach has unrolled his kit.

Several seconds later, he uses a high-tech "quick mold" tool, inserts its pliable tip into the lock, gets a copy of the key signature. He "freezes" the tip with C20 spray. The hardened tip unlocks the lock.

NEWMAN

Damn, doobie.

Roach grins, opens the locker, pulls out a gym bag stashed on the shelf. Pulls the zipper. Recoils, nearly knocked over by the nauseating stench of socks, briefs and sneakers inside.

POWKOWSKI

That's some nasty shit.

Roach can't zip it up fast enough. He puts the bag down and starts to x-ray the inside of the locker. Gerard focuses his attention on the gym bag. He hefts it, feels its weight.

NEWMAN

Boss, Jesus. At least take it over there.

Gerard slides down on a bench, fighting the odor. He empties the contents, peers inside, his eyes watering.

GERARD

All those gadgets must numb the senses, Roach. You gotta think like our fugitive, get in his head. With this guy--

(holding nose)

Last place you'd think to look is the first place you should look.

Gerard pokes around, finding a false bottom. Newman and Roach realize the stench was purposeful. Gerard retrieves a handgun, a money belt, fake passports. Maps and routes out of the Chicago area marked in red.

ROACH

A "bug out" kit if he had to escape quick. He's had E&E training.

NEWMAN

E&E?

ROACH

Escape and evade. Basic intelligence officer tradecraft.

Roach examines the credit cards, passport, escape routes.

ROACH

Rule #2. They teach you to always have a backup plan.

NEWMAN

What was rule #1?

ROACH

Don't leave anything behind they can use against you. Personal items in your place-- fingerprints.

NEWMAN

You remembered those rules. Why couldn't you remember ours?

For once, Roach doesn't have a response. Gerard takes note.

GERARD

Let's get out of here.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Fugitive follows a MAN WITH APRON into what used to be a two room dentist's office. The Fugitive's hair has been cropped, a coat draped over a lightweight plastic cast. The Man with Apron motions to a dentist's chair. Old equipment.

MAN WITH APRON

You'd be the only tenant on the floor.

The Fugitive checks the room out, subtly looking out the windows. No view. Just a brick building opposite. And a fire escape. A roof visible one story above.

MAN WITH APRON

I know it's no great shakes--

FUGITIVE

It's perfect. Give me a minute, I'll bring the lease payment down.

The man leaves. Our fugitive locks the door, empties the contents of a duffel. New clothing with tags. At the bottom of the tote bag, the cigar boxes. He opens the boxes, revealing fake passports, credit cards, various ID's and several hundred thousand DOLLARS in used money bricks.

INT. GERARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Honky-tonk music plays LOUD. A clock tells us it's 10:00 pm. A telephone by the bed RINGS. In an adjoining shower--

Gerard hears the phone, grabs a towel, and scampers into his bedroom, grabs the phone, out of breath

GERARD (PHONE)

Gerard.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WALSH (PHONE)

It's me, Sam. Hope I'm not interrupting a special "news item."

GERARD (PHONE)

What is it, Cath?

WALSH (PHONE)

I pulled a few strings. Roach checks out. Family's got a lot of political pull. Harvard boy. Smart and rich. Any breaks on John Doe?

GERARD (PHONE)

Not yet. I owe you one.

WALSH (PHONE)

Add that to the list. Give Stacy my best.

GERARD (PHONE)

Sure. I will.

Gerard hangs up. Nice to know she's still interested. He looks at QUESTIONS about the case written by the phone...

EXT. DRUG STREET - NIGHT

The Fugitive winds past HYPES, declining buys, eyes HUNTING. They rest on a FAT DEALER sitting on a motorcycle, on a cellphone. The Fugitive approaches, headed off by two BODYGUARDS.

FUGITIVE

Need a kilo, cuz. Fast.

The Fugitive flashes a big wad. The fat dealer takes notice.

FAT DEALER
Let's go inside, Spendy.

The bodyguards pat down The Fugitive. The Fugitive follows the fat dealer into a crack house.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

The Fugitive follows the dealer past ADDICTS to a back room. The same two BODYGUARDS follow them in, shut the door. Approach The Fugitive with cold eyes. The drug dealer draws a .45 and shoves it against The Fugitive's throat, hissing.

FAT DEALER
Give us your green and you live.

FUGITIVE
Okay, Spendy.

The Fugitive whips back his elbow, catching the drug dealer in the throat. In a vicious brutal flash of precision martial arts, The Fugitive neutralizes the other two before they even think of drawing their weapons. The Fugitive steals the dealer's cel-phone, keys, gun. He slips out.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

The Fugitive climbs onboard the motorcycle and rides off.

INT. USMS OFFICES - CHICAGO - DAY

Gerard shaves at his desk, on the phone. Cathy Walsh enters.

WALSH
(suggestive)
Too busy to shave at home this morning, Sam?

GERARD (PHONE)
That a fact, Biggs?

EXT. MARYLAND - INTERSTATE 95 NORTHBOUND - DAY

Poole and Biggs interview the Aggressive Man, his truck in the background, dusted by Maryland State Troopers.

BIGGS (CEL-PHONE)
Guy was tied up in the back of his truck. And boss, we couldn't get any of his prints off the truck.

GERARD
Good.

BIGGS
Good?

Gerard hangs up, finishes shaving with a hand-held mirror.

GERARD
Biggs and Poole just found a vic who ended up in Maryland tied up in his truck. He ID'd our boy.

WALSH
Maryland? Smellin' something?

A phone RINGS, breaking Gerard's concentration.

GERARD (GRABS IT)
Meet you there.

Walsh wipes a dab of shaving cream from one of Gerard's ears.

WALSH
What's up?

GERARD
Found his lady.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Fugitive opens the door to a DELIVERY MAN with a cart piled high with boxes of electronic and computer gear.

EXT./INT. MARIE'S BUILDING - CHICAGO - DAY

Gerard, Newman and Roach knock on a door, badges up.

NEWMAN
US Marshals.

A bloodshot EYE appears in the peep-hole. The door's opened by Marie. She's half-dressed, vulnerable, scared.

MARIE
What's this about?

GERARD
(showing photo)
Mark Roberts. Where is he?

MARIE
I've never seen him before.

NEWMAN
You paid his hospital bill last week.

MARIE
This is a mistake. I'm late for
work--

GERARD
This must be a mistake.

Gerard smoothly takes Marie's hand, apologetic.

GERARD
Sorry to have inconvenienced you.

On instinct Marie tries to pull her hand away, but Gerard holds on, hooking his index finger around a small engagement ring. He steps into the tiny room. Gerard and Newman follow.

GERARD
Pretty ring. Who's the lucky fellow?

MARIE
You don't know him.

GERARD
You don't either. You don't even
know his real name.

NEWMAN
And are you familiar with federal
harboring and abetting statutes?

Marie fights to maintain her composure, upset. Roach steps in, guiding Marie away from Gerard and Newman.

ROACH
That won't be necessary. I'm sure
we'll have Ms. Lundberg's full
cooperation. Please. Sit down.
Newman, get Ms. Lundberg some water.

Newman looks to Gerard. Gerard nods. Roach sits next to Marie, empathetic, charming. Marie tries to hold back.

ROACH
Sometimes you think you know a person
when you really don't.
(self-effacing grin)
I know a lot of women I've gone out
with have wished that I was a
different person, once they really
got to know me...

Roach lays grisly crime scene PHOTOGRAPHS on the coffee table in front of Marie. The bodies of the men in the UN basement. Marie averts her eyes from the bodies, about to break down.

ROACH
Bob Harmon. Raymond Kislowski. Bob
had three kids. His wife--

MARIE
It was self-defense...

ROACH
He told you that?

MARIE
Yes!

ROACH
When?

Marie clams up, sobbing. Roach comforts her. Hands her a handkerchief with his initials on it. Speaks softly.

ROACH
You love him. I can see that. But
look at this man.
(indicates Gerard)

Marie looks up, red-eyed, at Gerard. They lock eyes.

ROACH
Mark shot him point blank. If he
wasn't wearing a vest, he'd be dead
too.
(to Gerard)
Show her.

Gerard hesitates. Roach hardens, eyes commanding.

ROACH

Show her.

Uncomfortable, Gerard lifts his shirt. Ribs wrapped underneath, black and blue marks visible. Marie gasps.

ROACH

What'll Mark tell you about shooting him? Self-defense, again? If he's innocent, why doesn't he come in? And let us get to the truth?

(softly)

Ask him that, next time you talk--

MARIE

(blurting out)

I did talk with him!

ROACH

When?

MARIE

Yesterday.

ROACH

Where was he?

MARIE

He wouldn't tell me.

ROACH

What did he say?

HOLD on Marie, catching herself before she says too much.

MARIE

He's going to leave the country.

ROACH

I see. If he contacts you again, Marie, we need to know. Right away.

MARIE

I'm not sure I can do that.

GERARD

You think you can save him. I understand. I do. But come the day you do just happen to get together, the past'll come back to haunt him and he'll drag you right down with him-- or leave you to save himself.

MARIE
He'd never leave me.

ROACH
And he'd never lie to you, either.

Roach hands her the photos of the dead bodies.

ROACH
Keep them. Might change your mind.

INT. MARIE'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - CHICAGO - DAY

Roach, Newman and Gerard stride down the hall, thinking.

GERARD
Good work back there, Roach. You
have a way with the ladies.

Roach doesn't show it, but Gerard's approval matters.

GERARD
Set up surveillance on her work, her
home, everywhere. Get Judge Rubin to
get us an order for her phones.

ROACH
He won't make a mistake like that.

GERARD
Ever been in love, Roach? Other than
each time you look in the mirror?

ROACH
Not lately.

GERARD
Then what do you know? He'll call.
Bet my Cubbies tickets on it.

EXT. LOBBY - DAY

Renfro's waiting for them. He shows Gerard Peters' Bureau of
Prisons ID. A big, beefy guy.

RENFRO
His wife says he's at the gym right
now. Must have gotten better fast.

EXT. ROOFTOP EDGE - NYC - DUSK

A set of precision tools laid out at the very edge of a thirty story building. A hand reaches up from below, feeling for a tool, grabbing it, disappearing below. FIND The Fugitive balancing precariously on a ledge up under the eaves of the older building. He shoos away pigeons as he affixes one of the remote cameras into place. He aims the lens down and across the street towards a gothic brownstone. He checks the image in a handheld tv, adjusting the picture...

EXT. "EXECUTIVE CLUB" - CHICAGO - NIGHT

Gerard and Renfro climb steps fast to a ramshackle brick building with an off-kilter sign. They pull open the door.

INT. "EXECUTIVE CLUB" - NIGHT

Gerard and Renfro enter. Nobody's there. Deserted. Cheapo.

RENFRO

Nice place.

They head for a hallway when CHEN, an Asian, appears, coming at them from a stairwell. They take him for a club member.

RENFRO

'Scuse us, but is this guy around?

Deputies flash their shields. Show Peters' ID/photo.

CHEN

Yeah, sure. Think he's the only one left. Check the showers. Downstairs.

FLOOR BELOW. Gerard wades through mist, stares in at the steam room. Someone seated in the mist. Gerard enters the steam room. Goes to the figure, nudging it. Peters slumps over, his head swinging down where his throat's cut.

GERARD

Renfro!

They charge back upstairs, guns drawn. Gerard tries the front door. It's now locked. He KICKS it open. Looks to the street. No Chen. Hears Renfro's voice from inside.

RENFRO

Boss...

Renfro's found a body behind the front desk, wearing an "Executive Club" clerk's uniform. HOLD on Gerard, livid.

GERARD

Get us CPD now! Now!

Gerard races out of the building. He sprints in the middle of the street, searching. Relentless, he races around the block, kicks a trash can, infuriated, then returns to the gym.

INT. EXECUTIVE GYM - CHICAGO - NIGHT

The aftermath of murder. Gerard stands off to the side as detectives work. Gerard's gaze travels to a map on the wall. Eyes look from the mid-west to Maryland, drifts north...

EXT. HOSPITAL LAB - GUARDED LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

A large medical supply truck is unloaded by several workers. The Fugitive appears from shadows just as workers exit the open doors of the vehicle. He slips inside fast.

INT. MEDICAL SUPPLY TRUCK - NIGHT

The Fugitive finds supplies marked with radiation symbols in lined cases. "Medical Isotopes." He grabs one labelled "Chromium 51." He searches and finds something else.

A "Medi-Jector" auto shot dispenser the size of a small cigar.

INT. USMS OFFICES - CHICAGO - NIGHT

Gerard's going through face books. TV screens play NEWS FOOTAGE of police carrying two bodies from the "Executive Club." An ARTIST finishes a rendition of Chen's face.

NEWSCASTERS' VOICE

Police still have no leads in this afternoon's murders.

Renfro enters, shows the group faxed bank statements.

RENFRO

Two days before the plane crash,
Peters' aunt gets a 50K deposit to
her account from an offshore bank.

GERARD

50K to sell your soul and plant a gun... Now we got two Asians, the one on the plane and him.

RENFRO

If John Doe's working for the Chinese, why are they trying to kill him?

Gerard stares at the finished sketch of Chen's countenance.

GERARD

Big Dog's not liking this, Renfro.
Not liking this at all.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Fugitive carefully pulls a dropper from the Chromium 51 vial, fills the Medi-Jector shot dispenser.

The Fugitive goes to a table, where the innards of sophisticated spectrum analyzer and a Direction Finding head are mixed with those of a Gameboy. The Fugitive picks up the Gameboy, grabs the Medi-Jector, his cel-phone, and exits.

INT. FUGITIVE'S BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Our fugitive heads down his stairs, passing a MAILMAN with a cart and a shoulder bag. The Fugitive brushes against him, pushing the Medi-Jector against the mail bag. A soft THWICK! as the shot's contents enter the bottom of the mailbag.

FUGITIVE

Pardon me.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Fugitive pulls out the Gameboy. He turns it on. A red ARROW on the screen along with SIGNAL STRENGTH readouts. The Fugitive glances at the arrow on the tracking device, following its path. He pulls out the cel-phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JOE'S JAVA - CHICAGO - SAME

Marie works. Her boss, DONNA, reaches for her cel-phone. She answers it, irritated, then hands the phone to Marie.

DONNA

Marie, you gave somebody my number?

MARIE

I'm sorry--

DONNA

(offering phone)

Here. Wants to talk to you.

Marie lights up, takes the phone into the back. HOLD on a CUSTOMER wearing an Army jacket. Discreetly, he leaves.

EXT. STREET - G-VAN - DAY

The Customer, a deputy, goes up to Henry inside the van.

UNDERCOVER DEPUTY

Somebody's calling her on her boss's cel-phone.

INT. JOE'S JAVA - BACK ROOM - DAY

MARIE

Mark! They found me!

FUGITIVE

What did they say?

MARIE

Just what you said. They want me to help them get you. They threatened me. I'm scared, Mark! I'm not sure I can handle all this.

FUGITIVE

I know you can. You just have to hold on and let me finish this-- or we'll never be safe.

The Fugitive turns a corner, follows the arrow's direction.

FUGITIVE

Do what I told you and we'll be fine.

(beat)

I love you.

HOLD on Marie. She's staring at the photos left by the deputies. Her emotions overcome her reservations.

MARIE

I know. I love you too, Mark.

The Fugitive hangs up, crossing a street. The blip has come to a stop. He reaches the mailman we saw in the stairway, glancing at a small puncture at the bottom of the mail bag. Our Fugitive's very satisfied. His field test worked.

WITH MARIE

as she reenters work, hands the phone to her boss.

MARIE

Thanks, Donna.

INT. VAN PARKED AT THE END OF THE ALLEY NEARBY - DAY

Deputy Henry puts down binoculars, turns to a TECHNICIAN.

HENRY

(checks time)

I want a back trace on that call!

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Fugitive finishes wiring up a 35" TV and VCR to a sophisticated laptop computer. On the big tv screen we see a four way split. Each section shows us an entrance to a Gothic building. Two NYPD OFFICERS stand guard on either side of the front entrance. A light on the tv screen blinks red, "recording." The Fugitive waits, watching.

FUGITIVE

Okay, my friend. Where are you?

The Fugitive starts to work on forging US passports. On a table next to him are Earl's .38 and the drug dealer's .45.

EXT./INT. USMS HQ - CHICAGO - NIGHT

Roach enters with a tape.

Gerard and the others stop when they see the tape in Roach's hand. It's marked "United Nations Security" with "CLASSIFIED" warnings.

ROACH
Managed to get this from UN security.

GERARD
Seen it yet?

ROACH
Think I'd keep you waiting, Gerard?

He shoves the tape in a sophisticated video enhancer. A WIDE ANGLE surveillance SHOT looking down on a parking garage aisle. The tape is VERY DARK. Contrasty. Date/time icons.

RENFRO
Lousy picture. Is this a copy?

ROACH
No. Here we go...

WIDE SURVEILLANCE ANGLE #1

In deep shadow, a car drives up and parks. A figure leaves the car, holding a briefcase. You can barely see him.

GERARD
Blow that up. Let's get a look.

Roach digitally enhances the picture, blowing it up. It's an Asian face.

RENFRO
The guy passing us secrets, huh?

The Asian looks towards a sound O.S. Another man with a overcoat enters FRAME. Can't see him well.

GERARD
Roach-- Show us overcoat's face.

ROACH
(enhancing picture)
Trying.

Still can't see his face. This man and the Asian exchange briefcases. They part. A beat later, a third man--

ROACH
That's Agent Kislowski.

Enters the frame and amushes Chen, knocking Chen down. Agent Kislowski grabs Chen's briefcase. The image whites out to--

WIDE SURVEILLANCE ANGLE #2

Overcoat is jumped from behind by AGENT HARMON. Silver haired.

ROACH

That's Agent Harmon.

(puzzled)

They're hitting the exchange...

GERARD

Your Mister Lamb said our fugitive hit the exchange.

Overcoat viciously wheels on Harmon, pounds him with the briefcase. Harmon pulls a gun. Overcoat breaks his neck.

HOLD on the deputies. This is very hard for them to watch.

Overcoat races across the garage where Kislowski's opening a car door. Kislowski retrieves a gun. Overcoat leaps onto him. They CRASH back against the car, struggling. A SHOT.

Kislowski goes down. Overcoat grabs both briefcases, hesitates for a BEAT as he looks down at his victims, then starts to run for an exit.

GERARD

Roach! Freeze it! Get his face!

Everyone leans close. The image BLOWS UP, a face filling the entire screen. It's very much like The Fugitive. Very dark.

NEWMAN

Sure looks like our John Doe.

GERARD

Those guys in New York must be good. To look at that tape and--

(nods mugshot)

This photograph and say it was him.

ROACH

They tied him to the scene with a fingerprint match.

GERARD

Oh, yes. Diplomatic Security did it the easy way.

(more)

GERARD (cont'd)
Heck, they never even had to look at
this tape. All they had to do was
match a set of our tow truck driver's
fingerprints-- with a set of his
right there at the scene..

(grabs coat)
I want to meet the people who did
that!

RENFRO
(looks close at tv)
Goddamn!

NEWMAN
He's wearing gloves!

The TAPE automatically gets off "pause" and forwards to--

WIDE SURVEILLANCE ANGLE #3

The Asian recovers, stands up. A car headlight illuminates
his face. As Gerard reaches for his coat to go--

RENFRO
Sam!

NEWMAN
Jesus...

Gerard sees the figure onscreen is Chen, from the gym.

GERARD
(nods screen)
Print that!

As Chen lifts a cel-phone ONSCREEN the image freezes.

INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gerard and his troupe storm in. Walsh rises from her desk.

GERARD
Marshal, I need four tickets to New
York City and I need them now.

EXT. NYC ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

EXT. AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM, NYC - DAY

Bustling with thick traffic. By the curb, Newman, Roach, Gerard loiter, sip coffee, bags on the curb. Renfro fumes, off by himself. A van pulls up. Biggs and Poole inside.

GERARD

You're late.

BIGGS

City's full of madmen.

Poole climbs out to help them load up. Notices Renfro.

POOLE

Cosmo, you look so sad. Miss me?

RENFRO

200 dollar white bucks, Armani jacket, and my best toupee. I hate this place already.

Renfro slams the side door shut. The van pulls away.

POOLE (V.O.)

What's his problem?

NEWMAN (V.O.)

They lost his luggage.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Fugitive sits at a table, laminating his forged US passport. Something catches his eye on the tv screen surveillance ANGLES. The Fugitive types at the laptop screen, ZOOMING IN on an angle on the rear of the brownstone. Several trucks with their DRIVERS make deliveries, under guard by ASIANS in suits. A man slips out of the rear.

FUGITIVE

Son of a bitch. Got you!

The man passes BELOW CAMERA. It's Chen. Carrying a briefcase.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Chen enters a subway stairwell. The Fugitive tails him on the drug dealer's motorcycle, waits for a beat and sure enough Chen doubles back up the stairs, looks around, flags a cab. FOLLOW the motorcycle as it tails the taxi.

EXT. STATE DEPT. BUILDING - DAY

A tower housing the US Department of State UN mission. Gerard, Walsh, Roach and deputies leave the van. They flash their IDS at a sophisticated security checkpoint.

INT. STATE DEPT. - LOBBY - DAY

Deputies loiter in a busy waiting area.

WALSH
How long have we been waiting?

GERARD
Long enough.

Gerard heads into an office area. Walsh follows.

RECEPTIONIST
You can't go in there--

INT. STATE DEPT. - LAMB'S OFFICE - DAY

The ornaments of diplomacy on walls. Photos of Lamb with diplomats, heads of state. Gerard and Walsh storm in. Lamb, Barrows and SUITS sit in club chairs at a conference area.

WALSH
Excuse us, gentlemen.

Gerard pulls Lamb out of his seat. Gets in his face.

GERARD
Who is he???

BARROWS
Deputy, back off!

GERARD
(grabs Lamb)
WHO IS HE???

Lamb's silent, red faced. Disgusted, Gerard lets him go.

GERARD
You planted our fugitive's
fingerprints at the crime scene!
How'd you do it? How'd you get his
prints? Oh, of course!

Gerard pounds his fist on Lamb's desk, livid.

GERARD

You already had them, didn't you?
Because he's one of yours. He's one
of your own!

WALSH

We need answers now. Or I'm on the
next plane to Washington.

SECURITY MEN in blue blazers rush in, look to Lamb.

LAMB

We won't be needing you.
(to suits)
Excuse us, gentlemen.

CUT TO:

Lamb passes them a thick file with secure classification
warnings. Gerard lifts up The Fugitive's military photo.

LAMB

It was a mistake to lie to you, to
keep this from you. Mark Sheridan
was recruited from the Marines after
stints at our embassies in Russia and
London. He had a predilection for
violence, and getting away with it.
Passed all our background checks with
flying colors. CIA and State trained
him as one of our resident "kites"
here in New York.

WALSH

Kites?

LAMB

Someone who does our dirty work
without an "official" connection. If
something goes wrong, the string is
cut and he's on his own. Gives us
deniability. Somewhere along the
line, Sheridan went bad. From our
sources, we know there was a leak to
the Chinese. Our agents were to
intercept an exchange between
Sheridan and his contact at the UN
garage. It went South. Sheridan was
better than we were.

(more)

LAMB (cont'd)
(to Gerard)
Better than us all.

WALSH
Why didn't you tell us he was yours?

LAMB
We wanted to keep the whole national security issue under wraps until we had Sheridan back. The fact is, until we question him, we have no idea about the extent of the damage he's caused...

Lamb goes to the window, looking out at the United Nations.

LAMB
We have good reason to believe he's working with someone else. It would have been tough for him to get his hands on our material otherwise... The Chinese will do anything to neutralize Sheridan, cover their source, and prevent a diplomatic meltdown. We believed you would get him and the whole issue could be cleared up internally. Didn't want the world to know the State Department had its own Alrich Ames. It seems our confidence in your abilities, deputy, was misplaced.

Gerard is stone-faced, feels like a failure inside.

LAMB
That's all. What's your next move?

Gerard strides towards the door, turning, eyes on fire.

GERARD
Find him.

INT. HALLWAY/EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Walsh and deputies follow Gerard down outside.

WALSH
You didn't bring us all this way just to nail Lamb. You think Sheridan's here in New York?

GERARD

Got a few ideas. I've booked rooms at the International. Need per diem and overtime my boys.

WALSH

Cost a fortune.

GERARD

Bill the State Department.

A van driven by Poole, with Biggs, pulls up to Gerard and the team. They climb in. Walsh hails a taxi. It rains.

INT. MARIE'S STUDIO - CHICAGO - DAY

Marie retrieves an orange key taped under a drawer. She takes a last look around, exits with a backpack and suitcase.

EXT. CHINATOWN - VARIOUS - RAINING - DAY

The Fugitive loiters across the street from a restaurant. Chen exits. The Fugitive follows him through the crowds.

Chen slips into a bank. The Fugitive waits for him...

INT. CHINATOWN BANK - BACKROOM - DAY

A bank OFFICER loads Chen's briefcase with money bricks.

EXT. CHINATOWN BANK - DAY

Chen leaves, now with two obvious bodyguards. Across the street, The Fugitive stamps his feet, soaked by rain.

FUGITIVE

Making this too easy for me, Chen.
Where we going with the dinero?

INT./EXT. USMS VAN - MOVING NYC - DAY

The deputies crammed in their van. Poole drives. They pass the distinctive building The Fugitive has been surveilling.

BIGGS

That a museum?

Roach looks to Gerard. The van comes to a stop. Deputies climb out. A porter assists them with their stuff.

PORTER

Can I help you with any luggage, sir?

RENFRO

(grumbling)

No, I'm fine.

INT. MARSHALS' HOTEL ROOM, NYC - NIGHT

Deputies read Sheridan's case file, eat, call home. Renfro's trying on big shirts.

RENFRO

Damn, Biggs. You gotta big neck.

BIGGS

If you're gonna borrow my shirt, shut your trap about it. And no underwear.

Roach joins Gerard, who's staring out the window, thinking. Roach sees they've got a view of the Chinese Consulate on the street opposite... and the United Nations complex beyond.

ROACH

Think our fugitive's got some unfinished business with the Chinese?

Gerard meets Roach's questioning look with a slight nod.

ROACH

"Last place you'd think to look is the first place you should look."

GERARD

Good Roach.

(to others, motions
out window)

I want a round-the-clock set up on the good people of the People's Republic for starters--

Gerard's cellular phone rings. Gerard answers it.

GERARD

Henry? What have you got?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. UNION STATION - CHICAGO - NIGHT

Deputy Henry watches a very nervous Marie unlocking a long-term locker with the key. She pulls out a leather briefcase.

HENRY (PHONE)

Half an hour ago, Marie bought an airline ticket to--

GERARD (PHONE)

The Big Apple.

HENRY (PHONE)

You got it. And she just retrieved a briefcase from a long term locker.

GERARD (PHONE)

Keep your eyes on that.

HENRY (PHONE)

We also got a hit on a long-distance tandem call when she used her boss's cel-phone. It came from NY mobile net. Fraud department says it's a clone.

Gerard grabs a piece of hotel stationary.

GERARD (PHONE)

Give me the address.

HENRY (PHONE)

They narrowed the call down to Cel-site 427. Manhattan. 1st Avenue and 42nd street area.

GERARD (PHONE)

(writing this down)

Good work. Stay with her.

HOTEL ROOM - GERARD

hangs up, his gaze resting on the hotel stationary address. Also on 1st Avenue. Gerard lights up, in hunt mode.

GERARD

Never doubt the Big Dog!

A KNOCK at the door. A broad-shouldered Korean NYPD detective, SUNG, and his partner, STANS, greet the deputies.

SUNG
Dets. Sung and Stans. NYPD.

GERARD
We're gonna need more of you.

EXT. STREETS, NYC - NIGHT TO DAWN

Deputies and NYPD cops/detectives door to door search.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - MORNING

Chen leaves his apartment building. The Fugitive, propped up in a basement stairwell, wipes sleep from his eyes.

INT. MARSHALS' HOTEL - DAY

Gerard blows smoke from a cigar like a dragon, pacing, thinking. His deputies/cops gather, weary and unshaven.

RENFRO
Sure he's still in the area, boss?

Gerard rubs his chin thoughtfully, smushes out the cigar.

GERARD
Rebeat the streets, people.

EXT. CHINESE CONSULATE - DAY

The Fugitive watches Chen enter the building through the darkened visor of his motorcycle helmet.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Marie leaves the cab. A PORTER takes her bags. Henry and two USMS DEPUTIES, JACKSON and REGARDIE, arrive in a g-sedan.

INT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY - ROOM - DAY

Marie enters her room. The message light on her phone blinks. She uses the voice-mail to retrieve--

FUGITIVE'S VOICE
This is Alfonsito from Saks, ma'm.
Your dress will be ready at four.

Marie grins, breaks her anxiety. She looks at her watch. Opens the leather briefcase. She pulls out piles of CLASSIFIED US DOCUMENTS, puts them in a big envelope...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A JANITOR leaves his office in the rear, squints at photos of The Fugitive held by Newman and Roach.

JANITOR

Told you yesterday, haven't seen him.

NEWMAN

Put on your glasses. He may have changed his appearance.

Newman shows him altered photos. Nothing. Deputies leave.

JANITOR (O.S.)

Wait a minute. Give me that!

(looks at a photo)

I haven't seen him--

(looks another photo)

But I have seen him. Leased him an office a couple days ago!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

On the periphery, the warrants squad and NYPD are organized and ready. They stare up at the top floor windows.

GERARD

Move in.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - SAME

The door SPLINTERS. Deputies clear the place. Biggs/Renfro come in via the fire escape. CLICK. A radio turns ON.

RENFRO

What the...

Roach discovers a timer on the radio by the waiting room sofa.

ROACH

Our boy likes his toys. He's got the place wired for that "lived in" look!

Gerard settles into the dentist's chair. TV remote in hand. He clicks the 35" brand new tv on. Playboy channel.

RENFRO

Nice picture quality.

Roach snoops behind the set. Sees the LAPTOP. Turns it on and types. The usual stuff on TV is replaced by a four way split. SURVEILLANCE ANGLES ON THE CHINESE CONSULATE.

RENFRO

Goddamn. He's got a better set-up on the Chinese than we do.

Gerard takes note, sees Roach typing away at the laptop.

GERARD

What do you think he's looking for?

ROACH

He ran his surveillance with this laptop and encrypted all his commands. He's good--

Roach pulls out his own laptop, hooks it up to Sheridan's.

ROACH

But I might be better. If I can re-configure...

Gerard as he paces, mind racing.

GERARD

You're our boy. What're you watching the Chinese for? To get back at your old employers? But there are a billion of them and only one of you...

EXT./INT. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, NYC - DAY

Marie goes to a SALESWOMAN, inquires about her dress.

SALESWOMAN

Your husband said to make sure it fits at the waist first.

The saleswoman directs Marie to a luxurious changing room. Wealthy WOMEN try on Paris' latest. Marie enters a stall.

WOMAN'S SECTION.

Deputies Jackson and Regardie attempt to look inconspicuous as they eye the dressing area, stealing an angle inside-- getting a rich lady's fish-eyed stare.

IN STALL. Marie finds a tiny note pinned to the underside waist of the dress. "Employee's Only." Marie slips into the slinky dress, steps into the dressing area. When she's alone, she darts into a door marked "Employees Only."

CORRIDORS of a stockroom. Hands grab her from behind a row of coats. She stifles a gasp, follows The Fugitive into a--

ELECTRICAL CLOSET. They rush together, embracing like there's no tomorrow. Marie grips him. He pulls back.

FUGITIVE

They're right outside. We don't have much time! Do you have it?

Marie pulls the thick envelope from her backpack. The Fugitive opens it, sees SECRET DOCUMENTS. State Department internal documents, policy papers, wire reports. He holds her, thrilled. Feels her fear.

FUGITIVE

Have I told you you look great in black?

MARIE

Mark, no joking! Let's go now--

WOMEN'S SECTION. Deputies glance at their watches. Jackson flashes a "hold" sign. Give her a little longer...

ELECTRICAL CLOSET. The Fugitive grips Marie tightly, patient.

FUGITIVE

Come with me now and they'll be looking for both of us. We have to wait until I'm finished--

The Fugitive transfers all the money bricks from his tote to Marie's backpack. Marie eyes the money, stunned.

MARIE

Where did you get this--

FUGITIVE

I want you to hold all of it, in case I don't make it--

MARIE

No! I need to know what you plan to do! I need to know what's happening!

She shudders, terrified. The Fugitive comforts her.

FUGITIVE

Don't you trust me, Marie?

MARIE

I have to know you won't kill him.

FUGITIVE

You got nothing to worry about.

The Fugitive embraces her, hands her blank ID/US PASSPORT.

FUGITIVE

Sign these. "Mary Rice." Hurry!

WOMAN'S SECTION. Jackson motions. "Let's move." They walk--

DRESSING AREA. Rich WOMEN react as USMS deputies bull their way into the dressing area, badges up, guns drawn. An older woman SCREAMS. They go to SALESWOMAN #2.

DEPUTY JACKSON

Need you to unlock these doors, ma'm!

DRESSING STALL. Deputies push open a door, finding Marie half dressed. She holds the dress over her chest. Beat.

MARIE

What's this?

DEPUTY JACKSON

'Scuse us, ma'm. Looking for a shoplifter.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Over by the table, Roach works away at the tethered laptops.

ROACH

Got something here.

Renfro, Newman and Gerard watch as Roach manipulates the tv screen to show one surveillance angle-- The same tape that The Fugitive used when he found Chen the first time.

ROACH
He stopped on this section. Paused
on this gentleman... right...
(manipulates keyboard)
Here.

Chen's face fills the screen. They're shocked.

GERARD
Look who keeps popping up.

RENFRO
Sheridan came back to New York for
this guy?

Gerard gathers up his coat. Lights up a cigar.

GERARD
Renfro, call our office here and get
me another shift to watch this place.

RENFRO
On it, boss. We find this guy, we
find Sheridan?

HOLD on Gerard. He's not sure.

INT. G-SEDAN - NEAR CHINESE CONSULATE, NYC - MORNING

Renfro keeps a telephoto camera on the consulate entrances.
Gerard's in the front seat. Roach climbs in back next to
Newman, hands Gerard a file with classification warnings.

ROACH
My department has a file on this guy
a mile long. He's Chinese Intel.
Wet work officer. Their kite.

Gerard flips through a file with Chen's photo clipped on top.

ROACH
I "borrowed" his file for a few days.

GERARD
Alex Chen. Registered national.
People's Republic of China, UN
mission, New York. "Cultural Attache."

ROACH

Pick him up for the two dead at the gym, he goes back on the next flight to China. Can't touch him.

POOLE (V.O.)

(talkie)

Renfro! South entrance!

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ROOF - DAY

Poole's staring down through gear at the consulate.

POOLE

(talkie)

Chen. He's getting out of a taxi!

INT. G-SEDAN - DAY

Renfro swings his camera. Sees Chen leave a taxi and scurry down the alley to the rear entrance to the consulate.

GERARD

(talkie)

He's inside. Henry?

INT. MARIE'S HOTEL - RESTAURANT - DAY

Henry's surveilling Marie, who eats by a window. Deputies Jackson and Regardie are with him, standing by.

HENRY

(talkie)

We have Marie in sight, boss.

GERARD (V.O.)

(talkie)

Biggs?

INT. SHERIDAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Biggs, Sung and Stans wait for Sheridan. Biggs peeks out the window, where sedans with plainclothes NYPD lay in wait...

BIGGS

(talkie)

We're set if he shows here.

INT. G-SEDAN - DAY

Gerard sits back. Everything's in place. Deep breath.

GERARD
(talkie)
Chicken's in the henhouse. We wait
for the wolf.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - DAY

The sun at midday. The city goes to lunch.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Newman's between mouthfuls of a hot-dog when he sees.

NEWMAN (TALKIE)
Chen's leaving the building.

EXT. CONSULATE, NYC - BINOCULAR POV - DAY

Chen exits the side alley, carrying a briefcase. He looks around, walks across the street. Enters a subway station.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Newman scoots across the street, spins suddenly as-- Chen doubles back up the stairs like he did before. Chen climbs in a taxi. The van pulls up, Newman leaps in.

INT. VAN - NYC STREETS - DAY

Renfro drives fast around traffic. Following the taxi.

RENFRO
Like we're after Mata frickin' Hari.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT, NYC - DAY

Lunch hour. BUSINESSMEN with briefcases throng the streets. A taxi pulls curb side. Chen gets out. Half a block behind the g-van double-parks. Gerard, Newman, Renfro and Roach climb out. Gerard splits them in pairs. They move out.

GERARD (TALKIE)

Stay back. Don't spook the spook.

Newman and Gerard keep Chen in sight in the now thickening herd of businesspeople. Renfro and Roach cross the street, tailing from the other side cautiously.

BUSY FOUR WAY INTERSECTION. Chen waits along with a crowd for lights to change. Four red lights flash. "Walk" signals go on. A rush as everyone crosses at once. Behind Chen--

Gerard spots a MAN IN A LONG BLACK COAT AND HAT approaching Chen quickly from behind. Fast. Threatening. Gerard fights through the crowds. Believes Long Coat could be Sheridan.

GERARD (TALKIE)

The intersection! Long coat. Hat.
Might be our boy!

INSERT SHOT - The Medi-Jector in the palm of a hand, poised.

Newman and Gerard shove their way through the crowd, see Long Coat gaining on Chen as he's halfway across the intersection.

What they don't see is The Fugitive crossing diagonally. He's got a sweatshirt with a hood on. Tough to recognize.

Long Coat catches up with Chen. Gerard and Newman shove through the crowd yards behind them when Gerard sees CHEN REACH BACK AND EXCHANGE BRIEFCASES WITH LONG COAT. Gerard grabs Newman as he's about to lunge for Long Coat.

NEWMAN

Boss?

Gerard reaches for his talkie and doesn't see The Fugitive puncture Long Coat's briefcase with the Medi-Jector as he passes by. It's like they just briefly touched.

A THWIP! as the Chromium 51 penetrates leather.

Long Coat didn't even notice. The Fugitive moves away fast.

GERARD (TALKIE)

Roach, Renfro! Chen and Long Coat.
They just exchanged briefcases!

RENFRO (TALKIE)

What?

GERARD (TALKIE)
They just made a switch! You follow
Chen. Newman and I'll take Long Coat!

Renfro and Roach disappear into crowds, following Chen.

GERARD (TALKIE)
Newman. Don't lose him.

Newman and Gerard weave through the crowds, see Long Coat climb into a cab. The cab's "in service" light goes on.

INT. ANOTHER NY CAB - DAY

Gerard radios for Sung and Stans, gives a location.

INT. NYPD UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY

Sung and Stans register Gerard's call, peel out.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - DAY

The yellow cab leaves Manhattan and enters Queens. Several cars behind it, a second yellow cab tails. Beats later, a sedan with NYPD detectives Sung and Stans joins the tail.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The yellow cab pulls up to the ornate stone entrance. Half a block from the entrance, the second yellow cab halts.

GERARD (O.S.)
Pardon me.

Gerard climbs up on the cab's roof, raising his binoculars.

THROUGH BINOCULARS. Long Coat winds his way through hulking stone monuments, stopping in front of an 1890's Neo-Egyptian style mausoleum marked "Crane." An iron gate leads inside.

GERARD
Guess who's gonna get a key...

Long Coat reaches behind a flower pot by the entrance, gropes, and produces a key. He unlocks iron gates and enters the crypt, disappearing down a stone staircase. Seconds later, he leaves without the briefcase. Returns the key.

RENFRO (TALKIE)
Sam, Chen went back to his consulate.

GERARD (TALKIE)
Roger that, Cosmo. Put NYPD on him.
I want you and Roach out here.

NEWMAN
Boss, what the hell is going on here?

GERARD
I don't know but I bet Sheridan does.
(talkie)
Sung? Follow Long Coat.

INT. UNMARKED NYPD SEDAN - DAY

Sung and Stans see Long Coat on his way out.

SUNG (TALKIE)
Roger that, Gerard.

INT. MARIE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Marie pulls on a robe, grabs her backpack.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

Chen peers out tinted windows as the limousine leaves the garage of the consulate. Chen grins as the limo passes unmarked NYPD sedans on stake out. An AK-47 on his lap.

EXT. CEMETERY - ROOF OF TEMPLE - DAY

Lying flat, Gerard and Newman scan the cemetery below.

GERARD (TALKIE)
Still with the living, Cosmo?

INT. VAN - PARKED NEAR CEMETERY ENTRANCE - DAY

Renfro and Roach scan the busy street bordering the cemetery. Several MOURNERS pass through the gates, entering.

RENFRO (TALKIE)
Nothing so far, Sam.

Gerard looks down towards the "Crane" mausoleum. No sign of life. A few tombs away, a GARDENER with a hat trims weeds.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - MARIE'S HOTEL - DAY

Marie swims laps, stroking hard. She checks the time.

INT. MARIE'S HOTEL - SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Deputy Henry stands above a console showing surveillance angles throughout the hotel. Several GUARDS sit watching Marie leave the pool area and head for a dressing room.

INT. MAINTENANCE BUILDING SOMEWHERE - DAY

Crammed between sacks of fertilizer, The Fugitive watches the arrow on the tracking device. It's at a complete standstill. He looks at his watch. Dials a number on his cel-phone.

INT. MARIE'S HOTEL - SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

With hidden cameras in the dressing room, Henry sees Marie look at her watch again, nervous. A wall phone RINGS.

HENRY

Get us on that line--

FUGITIVE (SPEAKER)

Marie? Are you there?

INT. MARIE'S HOTEL - CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Marie shivers as she changes from bathing suit into a dress.

MARIE (PHONE)

Mark... I'm not sure I--

FUGITIVE (PHONE)

It'll be over in a few hours and
we'll have our entire life ahead of
us. You know what to do. Go!

INT. MARIE'S HOTEL - SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Marie hangs up, ducks into a shower with the backpack, shielded from the hotel's hidden cameras. Henry waits.

And waits. He heads for the door. Motions to Jackson/Regardie.

HENRY

Let me know if she leaves!

INT. HOTEL CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Deputy Henry arrives, out of breath. He pushes open the shower stall. Empty. He looks up. There's a vent that's been unscrewed in advance. A ragged hole visible behind it.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The faint sound of HYMNS coming from a grave-side service. From atop the temple, Gerard and Newman scan the vast marble maze. MOURNERS are gathered by a fresh grave nearby. They're singing "Amazing Grace."

RENFRO (TALKIE)

Don't believe it!

NEWMAN (TALKIE)

Renfro?

INT. VAN - POSTED OUTSIDE CEMETERY - DAY

Renfro motions to Agent Barrows, who has left his parked car and is heading towards the cemetery entrance.

RENFRO (TALKIE)

We got a Fed on the way.

ROACH

(shocked)

Barrows?

GERARD (TALKIE)

I see him. I see him.

Gerard and Newman watch as Barrows winds his way towards the "Crane" mausoleum.

Barrows looks around like he's unfamiliar with the area, then spots the "Crane" mausoleum. He retrieves the key, descends into the crypt. Gerard scans the area with binocs.

GERARD

When's the last time you saw a
gardener wearing new shoes to work?

NEWMAN

Never.

GERARD

Right!

Gerard sprints towards the iron ladder leading down. Newman swings his binocs over towards the mausoleum and sees the gardener putting down his weed-whacker next to the "Crane" mausoleum. A brief GLIMPSE of his face shows us it's The Fugitive. The Fugitive disappears into the crypt below.

NEWMAN (TALKIE)

Sheridan's in the crypt! Right now!

INT. A CAR IN A PARKED IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION - DAY

Mary, dressed in black, sees Sheridan enter the mausoleum.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A black Towncar with tinted windows moves forward.

INT. CRANE MAUSOLEUM - DAY

Barrows retrieves the briefcase from a crack between stone coffins, spins as he hears someone's just entered.

FUGITIVE

Don't move!

The Fugitive in the doorway, the moment he's been waiting for. Righteous. He holds Earl's gun. He yanks the classified documents from where he's taped them to his chest. Strides up to the trembling, white-faced Barrows.

BARROWS

Sheridan??? I'll do anything you
want, just don't hurt me--

Sheridan slams Agent Barrows against the stone wall.

FUGITIVE

Was it worth setting me up???

Sheridan shoves the documents in Barrows' face, pries open the briefcase at Barrows' feet. Stacks of US currency.

BARROWS

Sheridan, I swear to God it's not me.
I was told to come here--

FUGITIVE

Sure you were.

Sheridan knocks Barrows down. Barrows half conscious. The Fugitive shoves the documents in the briefcase with the money.

FUGITIVE

I'm going to expose you for what you are!

(lifts Barrows)

Then they'll never have a reason to come after me again!

The Fugitive pushes Barrows at gunpoint towards the entrance.

EXT. CEMETERY - CRANE MAUSOLEUM - DAY

The Fugitive appears with Barrows at the entrance. Pushes Barrows towards the approaching Towncar.

GERARD (O.S.)

Sheridan! Don't move.

The Fugitive's shocked to see Gerard there. Twenty feet away. Newman behind him. 9mm's aimed. The Fugitive hauls Barrows towards the approaching Lincoln. Mary behind the wheel.

GERARD

Drop the gun!

NEWMAN

Now!

Automatic gunfire BURSTS RIP through the air. The mausoleum near The Fugitive is SPRAYED with bullets. Barrows is hit in the head. The Fugitive dives for cover behind a marble urn as bullets POUND into columns next to his head.

Mourners at the nearby service SCREAM, running for cover.

Gerard crouches behind a grave, sees that the GUNFIRE is coming from a slope to his left. He spots a crouched man.

GERARD (TALKIE)
On the hill!

NEWMAN (TALKIE)
Get an ambulance out here!

Newman FIRES rounds off at Chen, who's taking pot shots at The Fugitive from behind a grave on the slope above them.

GERARD (TALKIE)
Biggs, Poole! You're behind him!

INT. G-SEDAN - MOVING - DAY

Poole jams the car into gear, driving down pathways towards the scene. Biggs points out Chen on the slope above.

BIGGS (TALKIE)
See him!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Gerard and Newman POP rounds off at Chen. Chen ignores deputies, gets a bead on The Fugitive and FIRES.

GERARD (TALKIE)
Take Chen down! Going after Sheridan!

BIGGS (TALKIE)
Roger that!

INT. LINCOLN - MOVING - DAY

Marie pushes a door open. Terrified as GUNFIRE continues.

MARIE
Mark!

The Fugitive dives in, pushes her aside and hits the gas. The Lincoln PEELS away, heading towards the entrance.

EXT. CEMETERY - SLOPE - DAY

Poole's g-sedan slams into a headstone near Chen's hiding place. Chen OPENS FIRE on Poole and Biggs in the sedan.

INT. LINCOLN - MOVING - DAY

The Fugitive speeds towards the entrance when--

MARIE

Look out!

On the opposite side of the stone entrance, the g-van BACKS ACROSS, COMPLETELY blocking their way. Marie SCREAMS. Sheridan reaches over, shielding her body, holding on.

The Lincoln COLLIDES into the van. Airbags deploy.

INT. VAN - DAY

Renfro and Roach recover, pinned by wreckage. Renfro's door smashed shut. Roach climbs out his side but can't get through the entrance, crushed vehicles blocking his way.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Sprinting towards the crash site, Gerard and Newman see the Lincoln door kicked open. Sheridan pulls Marie, stunned, out with him, grabbing Marie's backpack. He takes her hand. He's cut in the forehead, the arms. They run towards the only place they can, to the right alongside the outer wall.

GERARD

(to Newman)

Go back! Stay with Barrows!

Gerard chugs after Sheridan and Marie. Ribs killing him.

GERARD (TALKIE)

Renfro! Help out with Chen! Roach,
they're headed down the north wall.

Newman returns to Barrows' side, yelling for an ambulance.

EXT. NEXT TO G-VAN - BLOCKED ENTRANCE - DAY

Renfro gets out next to Roach, gun drawn.

ROACH (TALKIE)

Roger that. On the way--

EXT. CEMETERY - BY NORTH WALL - DAY

The Fugitive and Marie weave around graves. Marie stumbles, winces with pain. The Fugitive keeps her going.

MARIE

Mark... Go on...

FUGITIVE

No! C'mon.

He helps her along. They reach the far corner of the perimeter rock wall. The Fugitive leaps, pulling himself up onto the rock wall. He reaches down for Marie.

GERARD (O.S.)

Sheridan!

Gerard's twenty yards away. He's aiming his Glock. The Fugitive looks down into Marie's eyes, holding onto her hand.

FUGITIVE

C'mon!

Gerard rushes forward, 9mm raised. Getting close enough for a shot but Marie's in the way. The Fugitive and Marie LOCK eyes. Her eyes plead with him-- He's in agony for them--

FUGITIVE

Marie!

MARIE

No, Mark! Let me go! Mark!

Awful beat. The Fugitive lets go of her. Gerard FIRES. Shots CHIP into wall. Mary SCREAMS. The Fugitive falls down the other side of the wall. Protected from Gerard's aim.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL - DAY

The Fugitive scrambles to his feet and runs. Half a block away, Roach spots him, picks up his speed, .45 in hand.

ROACH (TALKIE)

In pursuit! Down the street!

EXT. CEMETERY - SLOPE - DAY

Chen FIRES at deputies Poole and Biggs. A shadow behind him.

RENFRO

Drop it or I drop you.

Chen drops the gun, suddenly docile. He's POUNDED to the ground by an enraged Renfro. Biggs and Poole arrive.

EXT. CEMETERY - BY NORTH WALL - DAY

Gerard cuffs Marie to a water pipe. SIRENS approach. Gerard grimaces as he pulls himself up and over the wall.

EXT. STREET NEXT TO CEMETERY - DAY

He can see Roach pursuing The Fugitive down an adjacent street. Gerard takes a short cut between buildings.

GERARD (TALKIE)

Roach! Stay on him! I'm behind you!

EXT. STREET WITH ALLEY - DAY

Gerard reaches Roach. Covering each other, they peer into a long, curved alley. Out of breath. Down the alley--

The Fugitive sees that it ends with a barbed wire fence. His eyes find a service door marked "Amboise Towers."

9mm poised, Gerard skitters down the alley on one side, Roach on the other. There's a SHOT. They race forward. See door.

GERARD (TALKIE)

He's in the Amboise Towers!

INT. AMBOISE TOWERS - LOBBY - DAY

A low-rent nursing home decorated with false cheeriness for the nearly dead. The Fugitive darts up a doorway, shocking ELDERLY and their NURSES. He races for the front entrance--

Newman appears out front, sees The Fugitive, lifts his 9mm for a shot through the glass. Sheridan dives behind a NURSE, sliding on the floor over to a fire exit stairwell.

Gerard and Roach fly in the lobby. Newman motions to the fire exit with his gun, a swath of blood on the floor from The Fugitive's cuts. Gerard barks commands.

GERARD

Newman! Stay here! Have NYPD seal
and evacuate the building!

NEWMAN

Sam, let me go with you--

Gerard gives Newman the "no" glare, motions to Roach.

STAIRWELL

Gun poised, Roach leads the charge upwards. Floor after floor. Gerard tries to keep up. Chest killing him.

Roach catches sight of The Fugitive above. Aims his .45 and FIRES. The Fugitive climbs faster, bullets SLAMMING nearby.

LOBBY

Newman sees NYPD backup coming down the street. He hears the GUNFIRE, yells instructions to NYPD in his talkie, heads for the stairwell.

14TH FLOOR LANDING

A blood trail. Roach enters the long, peeling-wallpapered hallway through a SPLINTERED DOOR. Gerard catches up. Both turn down the VOLUME on their talkies, stealthy.

They peer down the long hall, guns by ears. TV'S play LOUD from open resident doorways, manna for the hard-of hearing.

STAIRWELL

Newman chugging up the stairs, gun drawn.

NEWMAN (INTO TALKIE)

NYPD's here. Coming up!

14TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Gerard doesn't hear Newman, motions to Roach, "check your side." They MOVE. The rooms' OCCUPANTS stare at the gun-wielders blankly, like they're from a dream as rooms are searched. Gerard and Roach give them the "quiet" sign.

ANOTHER LONG HALLWAY

The Fugitive holds his shirt against his forehead to stop the blood trail. He looks out a window to the street below. A dozen NYPD cars screech to a stop.

Gerard and Roach turn a corner. The corridor splits in two. Gerard motions. Roach takes one. Gerard the other.

OLD VET'S ROOM

Fading WWII photographs of brave young soldiers. An old VET lies in the bed, on a respirator. His eyes are keen, alert. Roach checks the room, is about to retreat when the old vet--

Flicks his eyes up to the ceiling. A blood drop hits Roach's forehead. He twirls, lifts his .45 just as The Fugitive--

Drops on him from the ceiling where he's wedged himself between a light fixture and the door jamb. They struggle for Roach's gun, CRASHING back into an--

ADJOINING BEDROOM which is currently vacant. A gentle breeze blowing lace curtains on a window as a brutal struggle takes place on the floor below. Outside the room--

14TH FLOOR HALLWAYS. Racing up out of the stairwell, Newman hears the faint SOUND of a struggle between TV bites. In another wing of the building, Gerard searches various rooms--

ADJOINING BEDROOM. The Fugitive and Roach sprawled on the floor. Roach jabs the Fugitive with a fierce elbow in the gonads and pushes his .45 against The Fugitive's temple. Face pinned against the floor, Roach's knee in his back, the Fugitive pants, bleeds. Waiting to make a last move...

ROACH

Got ya.

Newman races into the old vet's room. He turns, sees the open door to the adjoining bedroom and enters--

NEWMAN

Roach!

A BLUR. Roach astride The Fugitive. Bodies twisted in motion. Hands going for weapons. A gun SPITS FLAME.

A figure sprints for the open window. More GUNFIRE.

WITH GERARD

Hearing SHOTS. Gerard spins, races down the hall.

OLD VET'S ROOM

Gerard enters, dashes into the adjoining bedroom.

Roach has reached the window, FIRING UP at The Fugitive who is scrambling up a fire escape.

GERARD

Newman???

Gerard looks down, sees Newman lying prone on the floor, bleeding from a neck wound. Gerard rips a sheet from the bed, holding it against Newman's wound.

ROACH (TALKIE)

I need an ambulance!!! 14th floor!
Newman's hit! Newman's hit!

Gerard sees Roach pull himself up into the window.

GERARD

No! Come hold this!

ROACH

Gerard--

GERARD

Stay with him!

Roach comes to Newman's side, holding the torn sheet against the wound, but the blood's coming too fast. Gerard whispers into Newman's ear. For the first time, we see that Deputy Samuel Gerard is terrified. He grips Newman's hand.

GERARD

You'll be okay, son. I promise.

Newman struggles to respond, throat choked with blood.

ROACH (TALKIE)

Where's my goddamn ambulance!!!

RENFRO (TALKIE)

On the way. What happened???

A NYPD cop, out of breath, enters, gun drawn.

GERARD

(to Roach/cop)

Stay with him! Get EMS up here!!!

Gerard climbs out the window, lifts talkie.

GERARD (TALKIE)
Sheridan's on the roof! He doesn't
come down, everyone hear me??? He
doesn't come down!

EXT. AMBOISE TOWERS ROOF, NYC - DAY

The Fugitive CRUNCHES across a rectangular roof about the size of a football field. Coated with gravel. Passes an elevator shaft. He runs along the edge of the roof like a trapped rat, sees that the building's surrounded by NYPD.

The Fugitive's mind goes on overdrive, eyeing everything on the roof at his disposal...

FIRE ESCAPE

Gerard climbs in a blind fury. He reaches the top, sees The Fugitive moving along the edge of the roof--

GERARD
Sher-i-dan.

The Fugitive TURNS towards CAMERA, clutching something with both hands against his chest. Hears Gerard's killer tone. Looks down to the street. A suicide jumper deliberating. Gerard strides towards The Fugitive. 9mm in both hands. Fighting his intense desire to shoot The Fugitive in the back.

GERARD
(approaching)
Turn around!

The Fugitive remains motionless. A distant RUMBLING sound.

FUGITIVE
Shoot me. Go ahead!

Gerard slows his approach.

FUGITIVE
You got your man!

GERARD
Step back from the edge and face me!
Hands on your head!

The Fugitive LAUGHS. On the verge of hysteria. Gerard tries to make out what The Fugitive's holding. A LOUDER RUMBLE.

GERARD

Step back from the edge.

Biggs and Renfro enter via the elevator shaft doorway.

FUGITIVE

Don't tell me you care if I live,
deputy? Don't tell me you were lyin'
to me in that swamp when you said you
didn't care why I was on the run?

The Fugitive turns his head, faces Gerard. The RUMBLING LOUD.

FUGITIVE

What is it about people like us?
Those who give a damn? Why do we
always get screwed by those that
don't?

GERARD

All I know is you can't run from it.

FUGITIVE

Maybe not...

He's clutching the steel seat of a one-man "Everclean" window-washing unit. Gerard sees that he's dragged the cable from the corner of the building where it's secured to a winch.

FUGITIVE

But I can try.

Gerard realizes Sheridan's intention and raises his gun. He gets a bead and FIRES just as The Fugitive LEAPS off the edge of the 24 story building! Instead of plummeting, The Fugitive SWINGS DOWN in a magnificent arc as the cable goes taut where the winch is secured to the roof--

The Fugitive as human pendulum. Gripping the seat, he SWINGS DOWN ten stories, flying above the street, SWINGING UP. Timing it so just as he slows at the top of the arc-- He lets go, dropping HARD onto the aluminum roof of a fast moving--

SUBWAY TRAIN

That's passing by on an elevated track on the street. The Fugitive sprains his ankle hard, grimacing with pain. Holds onto the roof for dear life.

Gerard, Biggs and Renfro rush to the edge, see The Fugitive gripping the roof of the MOVING SUBWAY. HOLD on Gerard, aiming for a shot with his Glock but he'll hit PASSENGERS.

GERARD

NO!

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Biggs, Renfro and Gerard race down the stairwell. Biggs SHOUTS into his talkie, relaying Sheridan's location to NYPD below. Gerard stops at the 14th floor, leaving them--

GERARD

Get him!

EXT. AMBOISE TOWERS - LOBBY - DAY

EMS TECHS rush Newman towards an ambulance. Gerard holding Newman's hand. Roach with them, distraught, bloody.

ROACH

Had Sheridan. On the floor. He went
for his gun. Right as Newman came in.
Let off a round at Newman and went
for the window.

(awful guilt)

I fired and missed. I missed!

EMS push Newman into the ambulance. Gerard climbs inside.
Roach is about to join him--

GERARD

Stay here. Find where he got off.
Don't let him get away, Roach!

HOLD on Roach as the ambulance doors are pulled shut.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - SIREN ON - DAY

Gerard locks eyes with Newman. Newman's face is wracked with worry. He attempts to speak. Blood trickles from his mouth.

GERARD

Save your energy, son.

Gerard leans close, whispers in Newman's ear, comforting.

GERARD

You're my boy, Newman. My boys
always pull through...

Newman smiles faintly, then struggles with intense pain.

His eyes shut. Gerard grips Newman tighter. Tears in his eyes.

GERARD
(to EMS driver)
Goddamnit move this thing!!!!

EXT. HOSPITAL, NYC - DAY

EMS and HOSPITAL EMERGENCY STAFFERS hustle Newman's still body out of the ambulance and into the ER. Gerard exits the ambulance. One look at his face tells us it's too late. All the life drained out of him. PULL BACK on Gerard's lone form standing there, motionless, staring at cracks in the sidewalk.

EXT. STATE DEPT. BUILDING, NYC - NIGHT

A MEDIA circus outside the building.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Barrows' PHOTOGRAPH on TV. SHOTS of his dead body taken from the cemetery amidst a CROWD of reporters. Lamb and senior Diplomatic Security OFFICIALS watch in grim silence. ACTIVITY behind them as a major task force assembles.

NETWORK TV REPORTER
The man who delivered State
Department Security Agent Barrows'
secret documents to the Chinese--

Sheridan's WANTED MUGSHOTS.

NETWORK TV REPORTER
Is still at large. Anyone with any
information--

AN OFFICE. Gerard stares at a phone. He dials slowly.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NEWMAN HOME - KITCHEN - CHICAGO - NIGHT

JILL NEWMAN makes dinner for her KIDS. Her phone rings.

JILL
Hello?

GERARD
Jill, it's Sam.
(beat)
Jill...

JILL
Oh my God, Sam--

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE. Walsh watches Gerard holding in his emotions in so he can finish the call. Walsh has never felt more in love with Gerard than in this moment now.

IN OFFICE. WITH GERARD. Sobs on the other end of the line.

GERARD
If I hadn't let this man get away
this never would have happened.
I'm sorry, Jill.
(voice breaking)
I intend to catch this man and make
him pay. If it's my last act.

Gerard hangs up. Wipes eyes. Walsh enters.

WALSH
Sam...

He pushes past her, rejects her. She follows him down a corridor towards the task force STAGING AREA. A rush of activity. Maps. Com units. NYPD working with feds.

WALSH
Sam. Don't shut me out! We need you
now! I need you!

Gerard just keeps walking. His eyes show controlled rage. Lamb appears, joined by Det. Stans and supervisory AGENTS.

LAMB
Brought this guy in like you asked--

Lamb directs them to a glass enclosed room where Long Coat sits, smoking a cigarette calmly. Lamb turns to Gerard.

LAMB
Turns out he's one of ours. He says
Barrows paged him this morning, gave
him instructions to make the exchange.

STANS
Phone records check out. He was
paged from Barrows' office number.

Gerard looks at a room across the staging area. Through a partition, we can see Roach and Sung interrogating Chen in Mandarin. Chen keeps a frozen, arrogant look on his face. Roach sees Gerard watching him. Exits and joins the group.

GERARD

Anything?

ROACH

He wants a plane ticket for the ride home. First Class.

RENFRO

Screw him.

LAMB

Gerard, we've both suffered a tragedy today, and I'm sorry about your man.

(nods Walsh)

But your supervisor's asked that we remove you from the case. I'm pulling rank. I need you to stay onboard. Get this man.

HOLD on Gerard's dark nod.

EXT. STREET - ALPHABET CITY - NIGHT

The Fugitive limps through the nightmare of the lower East Side with Marie's backpack, fits in with HOMELESS and ADDICTS.

INT. MANHUNT STAGING AREA - STATE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Gerard's staring at a map of Manhattan. Gerard's warrants squad joins him, distraught. They look to Gerard to tell them how to cope. He offers them nothing.

GERARD

I don't have any speeches to make.
We've all got a job to do. Get to it.

Biggs, Poole and Renfro join the task force, shaken by Gerard's reaction. Roach lingers, guilty, emotional. He and Gerard hold a look. In custody, Marie's led past them.

MARIE

(to Gerard)

He didn't leave me. I let him go.
Someday, he'll find me. He will.

FEDS push her away. Gerard watches her go, beyond caring.

EXT. EAST MANHATTAN DOCKS - NIGHT

A foghorn BLEATS. The Fugitive catches his breath in an alley. He pulls Marie's US passport from his pocket, stares at it, wracked with loss. He looks at his watch, waiting...

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - MANHUNT STAGING AREA - NIGHT

Henry, Renfro and Sung find Gerard. He grips the two lead slugs in his right fist like he's choking them.

HENRY

A station cashier saw Sheridan get off the subway.

GERARD

Where?

SUNG

Alphabet City. Manhattan.

Sung moves to a map of the city, points out the location near the south-eastern tip of Manhattan island.

HENRY

Sheridan tossed something in the trash before he left the station. We went through every can in the place.

Henry shows Gerard a clear evidence bag. Inside is a plastic wrapper with a silver lining. Henry points to a PRINT.

HENRY

Half a latent. Sheridan's right index.

GERARD

A real fingerprint. After all this...
(pockets bag)
Nicely done, Henry.

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Gerard walks, takes the wrapper from the evidence bag. CLOSE on foil and plastic from a tablet medication. Torn from a perforated sheet containing several doses; the part you peel away is silver with a tiny blue dot in each corner. He crosses the street, enters a mom and pop DRUG STORE.

INT. MOM AND POP DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Gerard walks over to the aisle with medications. He pulls a box from the shelves. Opens it. Then another. And another.

CLERK

Sir! Sir! What are you--

Gerard RIPS OPEN every box on the shelves, rapid-fire. Checks the backs of foil for the signature blue dots. Chucks the boxes into a pile at his feet. Then-- Gerard finds it. "For Motion Sickness." An innocuous box.

GERARD

"For motion sickness. Take an hour before travelling..."

Gerard grabs a phone next to the stunned clerk and dials.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - MANHUNT STAGING AREA - NIGHT

Renfro on the phone with Gerard. Others listening.

GERARD

Near that subway station. Are there boats going out of those docks?

Deputies look to a map where wharves are marked.

SUNG

Yeah, but no love boats sailing out of there, deputy. Those docks are strictly shipping and freighting.

GERARD

Sung, don't some of those freighters hold passenger berths?

SUNG

Well...

GERARD

Find out.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT - MANHUNT STAGING AREA - NIGHT

Gerard enters. The warrants squad gathers around him.

RENFRO

Lester Shipping has an ore freighter, the "Atlas Avianca," left early this evening with three passengers. Didn't have any names for us, said Immigration didn't require it.

GERARD

Why not?

POOLE

Went up the Hudson. Towards Canada.

GERARD

I want a chopper. On the roof. I'll check it out. Back to work.

EXT. STATE DEPT. ROOF, NYC - NIGHT

A NY State Police helicopter lands on the helipad.

INT. STAGING AREA - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Gerard heads for a stairwell leading up to the roof. Renfro catches up with him, holding a map of New York State.

RENFRO

The ship's off-loading outside Schenectady, upstate. We can get local law enforcement ready in case--

GERARD

Hold off on that. Might spook him if he's actually on board.

RENFRO

Let me go with you.

GERARD

Need you here.

RENFRO

(grabs Gerard)

Sam...

GERARD

What's in your craw, Renfro?

RENFRO

(beat)

If he's on that boat. What you're thinking about doing, don't do it. Don't even think it.

Gerard pushes past Renfro, heading for the stairwell.

RENFRO

You kill Sheridan and everything we stand for-- everything we've done all these years, all the shit you've given me and the guys to do the best job we can. All of it means nothing! The bad guys win! We lose!

Silence. No reaction from Gerard. A cold veneer.

RENFRO

You're my best friend, Sam. Hell, you're my only friend. Don't do this.
(pleading)
Don't do this!

GERARD

We're not friends, Cosmo. We just work together.

Renfro, shaken, dying inside. Gerard moves past him.

WALSH (O.S.)

Sam!

Walsh appears from the other end of the hall.

WALSH

You're not going! That's a direct order! Me to you.

Gerard enters the stairwell. Walsh yells up after him.

WALSH

Sure you know what you're doing, Gerard? You sacrificed you and me for your career-- now you're going to throw that away too???

Gerard keeps climbing those stairs, not looking back

EXT. STATE DEPT. ROOF, NYC - NIGHT

Gerard strides towards the helicopter. Roach leaves the shadows where he's been waiting, joins Gerard. Gerard gets a glimpse of Roach's dark mood. Matches his own.

GERARD

Still looking after the Inspector
General's business?

ROACH

It's got nothing to do with the State
Department anymore. You didn't let
me go after Roach last time...

GERARD

Forget it.

ROACH

Newman was my fault, Gerard! I'm
gonna have to live with that for the
rest of my life!

They reach the helicopter. Roach's eyes glitter with fury.

ROACH

Don't worry. If he's there--
(conspiring look)
I'm not going stop you.

Gerard pulls open the hatch door, leaves it open...

EXT. ABOVE SCHENECTADY, NY - NIGHT

The helicopter glides above a shipping canal in a desolate landscape dotted with industrial plants. Next to a mill, a container ship is docked, the "Atlas Avianca." It's lit up by flood lights. The mill flares in the b.g. Horizontal electric cranes on girder bridges off-load ore from the hold with giant steel jaw buckets. The buckets drop into the hold, clench, and lift the ore. (Looks like heavy sand)

INT. "ATLAS AVIANCA" - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Gerard and Roach show a polite FIRST OFFICER Sheridan's mugshot. He nods, shows them a name on a registry.

FIRST OFFICER

Mr. Rice's reservations were for two.

ROACH
Where is he?

FIRST OFFICER
Cabin 3. A deck. He asked not to be
disturbed. I can show you--

GERARD
We'll find it.

INT. "ATLAS AVIANCA" - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Gerard and Roach descend. Several decks below is "A."

INT. "ATLAS AVIANCA" - COMPANIONWAY - A DECK - NIGHT

Gerard and Roach passes hatchways, approach cabin #3 at the end of the hall. Just then-- a hatchway they've passed swings open. The Fugitive leaves the showers, hair wet, forehead bandaged. Gerard spins-- closest to The Fugitive--

The Fugitive sees Gerard and rushes up a far stairwell. Gerard races after him, gun in hand. Roach on their tail.

The Fugitive sprints up the stairway, leading Gerard and Roach on a CHASE into the guts of the ship.

EXT. "ATLAS AVIANCA" - DECK - NIGHT

Gerard rushes out a hatch and tackles The Fugitive-- slams him against the railings around the main cargo hold. They struggle for Gerard's gun. With unleashed fury, Gerard hoists The Fugitive, who drags Gerard over the railing--

They tumble three stories into the main ore hold, mountains of the pebbly ore breaking their fall. Gerard loses his gun in the fall. The Fugitive dives for it, but the weapon's swallowed by the "quicksand" effect of the ore.

Gerard leaps on The Fugitive, exchanging blows as they're almost swallowed in the ore. The Fugitive jams his knee into Gerard's ribs. Gerard gasps, loosening his grip.

Roach appears at the railing above, gun aimed. He sees The Fugitive desperately trying to climb a mountain of ore. He FIRES, even as Gerard's plowing up through the ore after his man. Gerard feels the shots come dangerously close, wipes ore dust from his eyes, sees Roach aiming a 9mm above--

GERARD

Stop!

Roach continues to FIRE. The Fugitive is hit and tumbles down the side of an ore heap. Gerard leaps on him.

The crane operator sees the FIGHT below and stops his ore jaw's descent. It dangles above the hold.

The first mate and CREW stream out onto the deck. The first mate yells into his radio-phone for the local police.

Gerard and the wounded fugitive roll down the ore heap. Roach is too far for another shot. Gerard recovers, lifting The Fugitive up to the light. In Gerard's eyes, we see everything he's been storing up inside to do to this man.

He pummels The Fugitive. The Fugitive realizes Gerard's going to kill him with his bare hands. Gerard knocks The Fugitive down repeatedly, pulling him up for more--

The Fugitive's obliterated by Gerard's onslaught. He chokes and sinks into the ore, on his back, unable to defend himself. He locks eyes with Gerard.

Gerard, breathing in ragged gasps, blacked with ore dust, draws his backup .38. He aims it directly down at The Fugitive, his eyes glowing with the satisfaction of what he's about to do. HOLD on Gerard. He wills himself to fire.

Just as his finger tenses on the trigger, he catches his distorted reflection in the steel wall of the ore bin. What he sees freezes him up inside. He brushes this aside, returning his gaze down at The Fugitive, but now...

Gerard can't do it. He lowers his .38 when WHOOOOSH! Gerard shields his face with his hands, diving away as several tons of ore drop from the jaw overhead. Gerard's knocked down, swallowed by the avalanche. He fights to the surface and--

Staggers to his feet. Sees The Fugitive drowning beneath the ore, arms flailing above the surface. The sound of SIRENS--

Gerard looks up at the crew surrounding the railing, then back at the now almost-static buried fugitive. He sees--

Roach at the controls of the ore jaws above the hold, 9mm in hand. Their eyes meet.

Gerard looks down from Roach's face to his gun. His heart skips a beat but he shows no reaction. Gerard turns and rushes towards the now motionless pile of ore.

He starts to dig furiously, a dog at the beach, with every ounce of energy he's got left. He pulls the nearly dead--

Fugitive from the ore, spitting and gasping for air. Gerard holds his coat against The Fugitive's bleeding side--

FUGITIVE

(gasp)

Deputy... Why? Why let me live?

GERARD

Remembered who I was.

Roach, who has climbed down into the hold, appears next to them. Gerard turns to Roach.

GERARD

Cuff him.

At the railing above, Schenectady POLICE arrive in a rush.

EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL, NY - LATE NIGHT

A squat, urban hospital. It rains.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL, NY - CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

Rain pounding outside. A long hospital corridor lit by yellow light. A JANITOR waxes the floor. Two COPS loiter at one end. Down at the other--

Gerard and Roach sit, guarding a hospital room. Roach logs in the contents of The Fugitive's bloodied backpack. Passports, ID's, bricks of \$100 bills, Earl's .38. Gerard watches him go through the items, takes a breath.

ROACH

You okay?

Gerard looks pretty beat up himself from the fight.

GERARD

Yeah. Glad it's over.

Roach lifts a heavy .45 Colt pistol from Sheridan's bloodied overcoat, checks the chamber for a bullet, removes the clip and tags the weapon "Sheridan."

ROACH

Newman was shot with .45 slugs. Must be the one he used.

Roach hands the now bullet-free .45 to Gerard.

GERARD

Must be.

Gerard looks at the barrel. The serial number's filed off. He looks up at Roach, who holds his gaze-- then turns back to tagging The Fugitive's gear.

GERARD

Couldn't help but notice on the boat that you finally went with the 9mm.

Roach looks up and grins.

GERARD

Don't tell me you've started listening to the Big Dog?

ROACH

Hate to admit it.

GERARD

Good boy. Let's see it.

Roach reaches into his overcoat, hands Gerard his new 9mm. Gerard ejects the clip and sets it down on the floor beside his chair. Out of our sight for a beat.

GERARD

Nice piece. Got that new smell.

Gerard works the action, retrieves a clip from the floor, reinserts it.

GERARD

When did you get it?

ROACH

Couple days ago.

Gerard nods and hands the gun back to Roach who holsters it.

HOLD on Roach. His features tainted with unease.

Gerard's cel phone BLEATS, echoing down the now empty corridor. Gerard finds his phone, answering it.

GERARD (PHONE)

Gerard. Okay. Be right down.

(to Roach)

Squad's outside. Gonna show them the way up.

Gerard and Roach stand. Gerard peers into the DARKENED room--

The Fugitive. Drugged and out cold. The BEEP of a heart monitor. One leg elevated, in a splint. Thick straps run across his body, pin him to the bed. Handcuffs glint at both wrists, cuffed to the metal bed. Gerard looks to Roach.

GERARD

Be right back.

Gerard walks down the hall, passes the cops and disappears.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Someone enters The Fugitive's room and approaches the sleeping body. Soft footsteps. Closing in on--

The Fugitive, whose eyes suddenly flick open. The Fugitive swings his legs over, strangely unfettered by the limp straps across his body, and sits up in bed. He looks straight into--

The eyes of his visitor. A hand goes for a weapon.

ROACH

What the hell--

The LIGHT goes on. Roach spins, sees Gerard and Renfro by the door. He turns, looks to the The Fugitive standing.

GERARD

What're you doing in here, Roach?

Roach. Holding his 9mm. Between deputies and The Fugitive.

ROACH

Thought I heard him cry out.

FUGITIVE

I don't think so.

Roach looks at handcuffs swinging free on The Fugitive. Then looks to Gerard, then Renfro. They stare at him coldly.

ROACH

What's this about???

GERARD
You're sweating.

ROACH
Caught a bug.

RENFRO
I doubt that, Roach. You're as smart
and fit as they come.

GERARD
I got presents for you, Roach.

Gerard's holding the .45 tagged "Sheridan" in one hand. In the palm of his other hand, he shows Roach two lead slugs.

ROACH
I don't get it.

He offers the slugs to Roach. Roach remains still.

GERARD
I think you do. See, these are the
slugs that hit me in the chest from
your old .45. I bet they match the
slug that killed Newman-- and I bet
this is the gun that did it.
Recognize your old cannon?

Roach looks at The Fugitive.

ROACH
That's his gun.

GERARD
You played us under-educated Marshals
so well, Roach. Actin' all uppity
and independent at first, then coming
to follow our rules and earn our
respect.

(points The Fugitive)
You framed him for the murder of
those agents at the UN.

ROACH
(charming smile)
C'mon, Gerard. You're dreaming!

GERARD

You called Barrows and had him pick up that briefcase knowing that Chen was gonna kill him and hopefully Sheridan too! Knowing that would put an end once and for all to the traitor story! Knowing now that the world would never, ever know it was you selling those secrets!

Roach doesn't lose his composure. He laughs instead.

GERARD

(dead serious)

Newman saw you try to kill Sheridan.

(trembling)

You shot him.

Gerard starts to move forward. Renfro holds him back.

RENFRO

Sam--

GERARD

You shot him and planted your .45 on Sheridan tonight! Filed off the serial number! You shot my boy!!!

ROACH

Prove it.

RENFRO

Put down the gun.

ROACH

Prove it. 'Cause you got nothing.

The Fugitive steps forward, eyes on fire.

FUGITIVE

Wrong, Mr. Roach. They got me.

ROACH

(points gun)

I want you on the floor, now.

FUGITIVE

I saw you shoot that deputy.

ROACH

On the floor!!!

FUGITIVE

And I'm gonna tell everybody that'll
listen. The whole goddamn world.

HOLD on Roach. A flash of panic bolts across his face.

ROACH

This is bullshit!

GERARD

Then put the gun down.

Roach takes a step back. The 9mm raised. Eyes trapped.

Gerard slowly reaches into his jacket for his weapon--

ROACH

(pointing gun)

Bad idea.

Gerard freezes. Roach backs against the hospital room wall.
Covering Gerard and Renfro with the 9mm. Point-blank. A
chillingly calm look on his face. Gerard steps forward.

GERARD

How'd you do all of this, Roach?
Don't tell me you pulled it off all
by yourself?

ROACH

Didn't need help, Sam. Never have.

GERARD

So I was sittin' there scatchin' my
head the whole time, and all along it
was you? Acting by your lonesome?

(Roach smiles)

Why'd you betray your country, son?
You had it all!

HOLD on Roach, face twisting with an arrogant, frozen grin.

GERARD

Why'd you do it???

ROACH

Because I could. Money's not bad,
either. I'm not a sucker like you
guys. There's only one thing I can
truly believe in. And I see it...

(charismatic grin)

Every time I look in the mirror.

GERARD
(steps forward)
Shoot me.

Roach keeps the 9mm trained on Gerard/Renfro.

GERARD
Never did have what it took to pull
the trigger yourself, did you, Roach?

FUGITIVE
Always had someone else do your dirty
work.

GERARD
You don't have the huevos to kill
someone in cold blood. Point blank.

ROACH
Shut up!

Gerard's now a foot in front of Roach. Calm. Cool.

GERARD
Shoot me.

RENFRO
Rich punk.

ROACH
I swear to God I'll kill all of you--

FUGITIVE
Look at him. Dickless wonder won't
do it.

ROACH
Shut the hell up!!!

GERARD
(lunging forward)
Shoot me!!!

Roach aims directly at Gerard. Pulls the trigger.

The 9mm CLICKS. Stunned, Roach looks to Renfro who's holding a full ammo clip. Realizes Gerard switched clips on him. Renfro tosses the clip. It falls onto linoleum, bullets scattering across the floor. The following happens fast:

Renfro goes for his 9mm.

Roach throws the empty 9mm directly at Renfro's face and spins--

In a blur, Roach's right hand finds the butt of a .38 hidden in a holster in the small of his back.

Behind him, The Fugitive sees this and lunges forward--

FUGITIVE

Deputy!!!

A SHOT RINGS OUT. The Fugitive and Roach SLAM into a wall.

Gerard lowers his smoking 9mm. The Fugitive backs away from the wall where Roach stands, frozen with surprise--

A wound in his neck starts pumping out blood. The Fugitive pries the .38 from Roach's fingers. Roach covers the wound with his hand, leaning against the wall, then slumps down to the floor. Roach looks up at Gerard and grins faintly.

ROACH

See my backup... Sam? See--

(indicates .38)

I did listen to you.

Roach laughs. Blood chokes it short.

ROACH

You... all... bluffed me.

(to Fugitive)

You didn't see me kill Newman. Had no idea what happened back there...

FUGITIVE

No. I didn't.

ROACH

Way to go, Big Dog. Way to go...

Roach's eyes flutter shut. He dies.

Gerard looks to The Fugitive as COPS rush into the room. The Fugitive finds himself in the curious position of holding a loaded gun. The Fugitive hands the weapon to Gerard.

FUGITIVE

Hell, deputy. You'd come after me, even if you were dead.

INT. PEETE'S BAR - NIGHT

Renfro, Biggs, Poole Gerard and Walsh sit at a back table, drinking pitchers. They and everybody else in the bar watch tv SCREENS which show FOOTAGE of the manhunt conclusion.

NETWORK TV REPORTER (TV)

The Justice Department confirmed they have negotiated a plea bargain with Mark Sheridan's attorneys in exchange for his cooperation with their investigation into John Roach's widespread betrayal of State Department secrets...

Roach's ID PHOTO fills the screen. Eyes full of promise. HOLD on Gerard staring up at the photo. Emotional.

GERARD

Damn waste. I was startin' to like that boy.

SHOTS of The Fugitive, bandaged, led by Gerard into the Chicago federal courthouse. A reunion with Marie on the courthouse steps. She and Gerard help shield the Press from Sheridan as he's escorted into a court hearing.

HOLD on Gerard and Walsh, sharing a look. They're pleased that Marie's there for The Fugitive.

RENFRO

Well, we got him.

BIGGS

Here's to Newman.

ALL

To Newman...

They raise a cathartic toast to Newman's memory. Gerard looks at his people. He's surprised and embarrassed by the warm feeling in his heart. Walsh and his deputies share his look, see Gerard fight to keep from showing how much he truly loves them. They're pleased with the struggle.

GERARD

I hope... I've told you guys how much you--

RENFRO
(sparing him)
Yeah, yeah, boss. We've heard it all
before.

SOMEBODY (O.S.)
Mr. Renfro?

Someone APPEARS behind them. A DELIVERY person from the
airline. He carries a leather bag.

DELIVERY PERSON
Your luggage.

RENFRO
(grumbling)
Thanks a million.

The delivery person leaves. Renfro opens his luggage, checks
the contents, beaming like a kid. It's all there.

RENFRO
Barkeep. Another round! On me!

FADE TO BLACK.